New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV · No. 1406 SATURDAY · 22 FEBRUARY 1958 NINEPENCE

Holiday Travel Supplement

Comments on the Week's News .. 218
A Plague on Both? 221
All God's Chillun. Barbara Castle, MP 222
London Diary. Maurice Richardson .. 223
This England 224
Twa Tories. Reginald Reynolds .. 224
Parks in Patches. Elizabeth Coxhead 224
Encounter. Ursula Wassermann .. 226

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

They Don't Do It in the Bath. Annabel Farjeon 227
The Art of Emmer. John Berger .. 227
A Couple of Cranks. T. C. Worsley .. 228
Uttering the Words. Andrew Porter .. 228
Les Belles Bacchantes. William Whitebait 229
Sancta Clara, o.p.n. Tom Driberg .. 230

CORRESPONDENCE

Woodrow Wyatt, J. Hendy, Frank Altschul, Emanuel Litvinoff, Eric S. Ashton, Michael de la Bedoyere, Correlli Barnett 230

HOLIDAY TRAVEL SUPPLEMENT

Nature's Tourist. V. S. Pritchett .. 233
Mr Chib's Problem. Kingsley Martin 234
Festival Prospect. Peter Heyworth .. 237
Traveller's Diary 238

Books in General:

Ignorance Against Knowledge. A. C. B. Lovell 241
A Parting. Richard Church 242
Bird Watcher. Michael Hamburger .. 242

REVIEWS

Interviewing Arabs. R. H. S. Crossman 242
Polythene-Packed. Richard Mayne .. 243
Magnum Opus. Norman MacKenzie .. 244
Steelclad Tournament. Nigel Nicolson 245
Michael Roberts. Edwin Muir .. 246
They Were Different. G. W. Stonier .. 246
New Novels. Maurice Richardson .. 247

Week-end Competition 247
City Lights. Taurus 248
The Chess Board. Assiac 249
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 249

The Logic of Annihilation

BRITISH defence policy has ceased to be a merely military affair: it has become a problem in logic. If we accept it at its face value, the new Defence White Paper – taken in conjunction with the forthcoming missile agreement – commits Britain to the strategy of the deterrent in its most extreme form. Britain, says Mr Sandys, has a powerful and growing force of bombers, which are now being equipped with megaton-bombs; and she will soon possess, in addition, intermediate-range missiles. But in order to pay for this nuclear effort, our conventional forces are to be further reduced. For this reason, he argues, our strategic deterrent must now be used not merely in the event of a Soviet nuclear assault, but also 'if Russia were to launch a major attack on [a western nation] with conventional forces only. . .'.

If true, this would be the most extraordinary commitment ever undertaken by a government on behalf of its people in all history. For Mr Sandys has no illusions that to use the western deterrent – in the form, as he puts it, of 'a massive nuclear bombardment of the sources of power in Russia' – would lead to a corresponding onslaught on Britain. Yet he is making, as he admits, no provision whatsoever for the aerial protection of our cities; all his resources, he says, will be needed for the defence of our strategic airfields. As for civil defence, the entire subject is dismissed in one vague, 10-line paragraph. In short, if Mr Sandys's deterrent is employed, it will inevitably lead to the virtual extermination of life on these islands. Our bombers will still be flying in the sky, but they will cease to have any function. There will be nothing left for them to defend, nowhere for them to land.

What, we must therefore ask, constitutes the 'major attack' which will provoke this act of national suicide? A Soviet invasion of Persia, which by virtue of the Baghdad Pact must be considered a 'western nation'? A Chinese assault on Siam, which can claim a similar privilege under Seato? Is the replacement of the authoritarian regimes of these countries by Communist rule an event of such transcendental importance that we are prepared to destroy *ourselves* if it occurs? Or do we, for that matter, consider the political system of Adenauer's Germany so vital that we will knowingly embrace national suicide in order to avenge it?

Merely to ask these questions is to answer them. No British Prime Minister could possibly take such a decision. The strategy of the deterrent is a purely theoretical concept, designed to meet a contingency which, the politicians believe, will never occur. But if it does, the deterrent will immediately be revealed for what it is: a bluff. For it is increasingly doubtful whether Britain would accept nuclear annihilation if East Germany, with Russian backing, crossed the Elbe. And it is absolutely certain that Soviet aggression in a less vital area would evoke no nuclear response from the West.

Since Mr Sandys is presumably sane, he knows this perfectly well. But so do the Russians – and it is at this point of the argument that our entire defence policy collapses. It is unlikely that the Russians are contemplating aggression. But should they do so, employing their massive superiority in conventional forces, they have probably calculated that they would face no very great risk of nuclear bombardment.

And once this monumental bluff of the Great Deterrent were called, the West would have no alternatives but to accept a last-minute Munich settlement, giving the Russians all they asked for, or to transport to the imperilled area a conventional army of sufficient strength to hold the Soviet attack. But it is perfectly clear from the White Paper that we do not possess the means to do this, and that we are making no effort to acquire them. Hence the political consequence of Mr Sandys's defence policy is a foreign policy based on appeasement.

There is, of course, a further possibility: negotiations leading to general disarmament. Mr Sandys has nothing to say on the subject. But the paradox of this White Paper is that only a disarmament agreement can enable us to discharge our military and political commitments and defend our interests. In short, if the government grasps the logic of its defence policy, then it must be taking the summit conference far more seriously than it has led us to believe.

Comments on the Week's News

The Nuclear Disarmament Campaign

The response to last Monday's inaugural meetings of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament suggests that it is becoming a focus for a real movement of opinion on this issue. The Suez crisis apart, no recent campaign has been able to secure attendances of this order—and, if, the organisers had not deliberately stopped advertising and returned thousands of applications after all the available halls were full, it is probable that the total turn-out would have passed 10,000. Nor is this response confined to London. So far, more than 100 local committees have been set up and more are now being formed, while public meetings are being organised in the main provincial centres. It will be interesting to see if some sections of the press—there are honourable exceptions—continue to pretend that nothing is happening: at least two national newspapers managed to report that demonstrators reached Downing Street on Monday evening without explaining where they had come from. If the campaign continues to gather momentum, some notice must be taken of it, not least by the Labour Party.

Nasser's Bad Gambit

President Nasser's motives in threatening the Sudan with military action on the Egyptian frontier are no doubt mixed. There is certainly some sort of legal justification for his claim that Khartoum has no jurisdiction north of the 22nd parallel; but Egypt has never raised this issue in the past, not even at the moment of Sudanese independence. More important than the legal niceties of the claim is probably the need, which Nasser shares with other dictators, for external successes to distract attention from the failure of social reform at home. Relevant to that consideration is the humiliation under which the Egyptian army has been smarting since its rout by the Israelis in November 1956; and it may well seem to Nasser that, if political prudence prevents any immediate move against Jordan, the Sudanese are the easiest people to push around. However it is the timing of the incident which provides the best clue to its significance. The Sudanese general election takes place next week, and an atmosphere of armed tension between Egypt and the Sudan might be held to favour the Umma (pro-Egyptian) Party, which is bidding for power—so long as the blame could plausibly be laid at the door of the Sudanese government. In the event, the manœuvre seems likely to have been unsuccessful. The Sudanese government has responded with firmness and dignity to the Egyptian threat, and, as we write, Nasser seems more likely to have lost face than to have gained it. Criticism of Nasser's polical tactics, however, should not blind one to the fact that the situation on this frontier is dangerously unsatisfactory to both Egypt and the Sudan. Could not the whole issue of the Nile waters go to international arbitration?

Summit Crosscurrents

The new Polish announcement, outlining the control and policing provisions of the Rapacki de-nuclearised zone plan, are not likely to make it any more attractive to western leaders. It is perfectly true, as the Poles point out, that their proposals for joint ground and air inspection in the central European zone could act as a pilot-project for general disarmament. But the fact remains that what worries the West about the plan is not its control provisions, but the absence of any provisions for enforcement. The problem is a difficult one, as Denis Healy admitted in his recent Fabian pamphlet; and he confessed that he was not entirely satisfied with his own proposal for enforcement by tactical atomic weapons. But the Poles do not face up to this problem at all, though implicitly they rule out atomic enforcement by the provision in their plan which requires both sides to promise not to use nuclear weapons within the zone. It can therefore be argued that the effect of the plan would be to increase the military value of Russian superiority in conventional forces in the zone, without giving any corresponding advantage to the West. Its weakness, in short, is that it contains no provision for a scaling down of conventional forces until de-nuclearisation is complete. This need not constitute a real danger, for in the event of a clear act of aggression within the zone, atomic sanctions—at any rate of a technical nature—would be virtually inevitable, irrespective of the plan's other provisions.

No More Miners Needed?

Times have changed indeed when the National Coal Board feel able to announce a general ban on recruitment of workers to the coal mining industry by the end of March. The ban does not apply to juveniles or to certain very limited groups of skilled craftsmen or at certain exceptional pits where shortages still exist; but it does otherwise apply generally. The reason for it given by the NCB is that recruitment during the last months of 1957 was so good as to bring the industry fully up to the required strength for the time being, so as to afford the opportunity for a pit by pit review of man-power, in order to make sure that there is no waste in the numbers now employed. During the last twelve months the labour force in coal mining has increased by 7,500, whereas until quite recently the NCB had to use the total numbers offered in order to prevent a fall in the numbers employed. The change is doubtless due largely to the less urgent demand for man-power in industry generally, and likely to persist as long as employment shows any tendency to fall. In the long run mechanisation is expected to make possible a considerable reduction in the number of miners needed; but this will hardly show itself until much more capital has been spent on larger projects of reorganisation.

Breakaway Trouble

The trouble at the British Motor Corporation has arisen directly out of the employment of certain men who, as members of the breakaway body calling itself the National Association of Toolmakers, seceded from the AEU in the course of the troubles over redundancy in 1956, and now claim to be recognised as an independent negotiating body. AEU members, naturally enough, repudiate this claim and are refusing to work side by side with members of the NAT, whom they regard as non-unionists. The BMC must have known that any attempt to introduce NAT labour was certain to lead to trouble; and this gives credibility to the suggestion that the strike was deliberately provoked in order to facilitate the introduction of short-time working. The strike, it is true, is still unofficial; but the AEU can hardly avoid taking it up officially unless a satisfactory settlement is reached. The BMC apparently argues that the dispute between the AEU and the NAT is none of their affair, and that the unions must settle it between themselves. This, however, is to assume the employers' right to recognise any breakaway union they please; and that is to jeopardise the entire structure of collective bargaining built up through the years with the established unions. It is, in effect, an act of industrial warfare. It is also worthy of note that Sir Colin Anderson, President of the FBI, chose the same week-end to demand further restrictions on the trade union movement, even to the length of abandoning the protection granted in the Trades Dispute Act as long ago as 1906.

The Two Barriers

There is a close relation between this week's developments in Central Africa and in Kenya. In each territory the subjects of main scrutiny have been the bodies set up as barriers against racial discrimination. From the Central African Federation the new Franchise Bill was referred to London as discriminatory by the African Affairs Board; in the White Paper on constitutional proposals for Kenya the main subject of interest has been the proposed Council of State. There is one important difference between these two bodies, and it may well be of considerable significance. Whereas the African Affairs Board is drawn from members of the legislature, the Council of State is to be composed of independent people. This arrangement is the more likely of the two to produce positive results, for we have now seen the opinions of the African Affairs Board twice contemptuously pushed aside by Britain, at least partly because the Board represents only a minority in the Federal Assembly. It may be recalled that in the original federal proposals members of the Board were to be outside the Assembly, and this change may well have reduced its effectiveness. If this is the case, the Council of State may have a better opportunity, for its ten members are to be independent and its opinions will thus be less bound up with party and racial struggle within the legislature.

The Cruellest Sport

Sir Frederick Messer's Protection of Deer Bill to make stag hunting illegal is down for second reading in the Commons to-day, Friday, 21 February, provided other business is disposed of in time. The bill meets the traditional argument of the stag-hunting lobby, that hunting is necessary to control an agricultural pest, by placing on a public authority the statutory duty of keeping down the numbers of deer by humane means. It is worth noting that this hoary old argument is in any case discredited by the fact that many hunts have themselves to organise shoots to do the job which the hounds have failed to do. Sir Frederick's bill is simple, practical and humane. Stag hunting is the cruellest and least defensible of all English blood sports, and we hope the Commons will find time to give the bill a second reading.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Padang

A New 'Government'

A Special Correspondent writes: The western press and Mr Dulles are much more agitated about Indonesian affairs than the people in Padang, where a rival 'government' was proclaimed on Saturday last. In this busy, attractive market town on the west coast of central Sumatra, the proud possessor of Asia's most impressive independence monument, Lt.-Colonel Achmad Hussein and his colleagues have carried out an efficient and honest administration for more than a year.

Up in the villages of the Padang highlands, in the local capital of Bukittinggi, and in the rich oil fields this administration, carried out independently of Djakarta, will not be changed, although it may become further consolidated, by Achmad Hussein's broadcast from Padang: 'To all Indonesians. In the name of the Almighty, the revolutionary council has decided to form a new independent government of the Indonesian Republic'. Such a declaration strikes the kind of defiant note the Sumatrans have always approved, whether against the Dutch or President Sukarno. 'Over there, in Java' you can always hear from any chance acquaintance, 'they play politics. We want to get down to business'. And get down to business they did, when the government in Djakarta refused to give Sumatra a fair deal. For Sumatra is Indonesia's richest island; and no one, least of all the highly political Sumatran, could tolerate the disproportionate amount of their island's wealth being spent on Java. President Sukarno and many of his ministers have proved as Java-centric as any Dutch governor. Further, they say in Padang, he listens far too much to the Communists.

Let him but put his ear to the ground in Sumatra and Sulawesi (Celebes) and other parts of his 3,000 island republic where the Communists have little or no influence! The Sumatran leaders hoped that President Sukarno would be persuaded to abandon his personal idea of 'guided democracy' from which no one but the Communists who pay him lip-service seem to have benefited. But when the government decided to discharge dishonourably from the Army, Hussein and his colleagues, and ordered their arrest (not that anyone is likely to arrest them), some urgent step was called for. The result was the proclamation in Padang.

The list of ministers is impressive — the greater the tragedy that the government in Djakarta was not willing to negotiate with them. The Prime Minister and Minister of Finance is Mr Sjafruddin Prawiranegara, who was, until last month, Governor of the Bank of Indonesia and a former Finance Minister. Besides, he was President Sukarno's choice as head of the 'government-in-exile' when he and his ministers were arrested by the Dutch at the beginning of their second military campaign against the republic. The Minister of Defence and Justice is a much respected man who was one time Prime Minister and then Economic Minister in Djakarta. Col Djalan Djambek, for some years a successful military attaché in London, has the key post of Minister of the Interior. His family is well known throughout Sumatra for their courageous resistance and he himself was one of the founders of the Banteng Council. Dr Sumitro, Minister of Commerce and a former Finance Minister, left his post as professor in the University in Djakarta to throw in his lot with the Banteng group in Sumatra, and has since organised their independent trade. He has often impressed international conferences with his shrewdness and grasp of finance. The Prime Minister's first step was to ask the big oil companies in Sumatra to stop paying revenues to the government in Djakarta and to stop sending oil products from the vast refineries in Palembang. Will economic pressure, they ask in Sumatra, force Java to come to terms?

Many questions arise. Will President Sukarno realise the tremendous responsibility which rests on his shoulders and find some *modus vivendi* with the leaders in Sumatra, who are just as loyal as he is to the republic? It must be realised that these men have no wish to set up a separate state. Only a fortnight ago in a radio broadcast Hussein emphasised that the struggle of central Sumatra was completely detached from any prejudice and that there was no intention whatever of planning a separate Sumatra state. Djalan Djambek said the same on the Bukittinggi radio. These charges of separatism have been made chiefly by the Communists and by Dutch propaganda, which since the republic was born, has forecast Indonesian disintegration.

Paris

Felix Takes to His Bed

Paul Johnson writes: It is a rare treat to sit on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magots in blazing sunshine in the middle of February — *le Météo* has no records of comparable weather at this time of year — and, to add to the entertainment, the Place St-Germain-des-Prés is in a state of continuous political effervescence these days. Bernard Buffet youths and Françoise Sagan girls (the current fashion is a heaven-sent gift to the plain French miss) parade up and down chanting slogans and selling angry pamphlets. On Friday evening, a group of the new Fascist *milice*, *Jeune Nation*, started a scrimmage, and in the twinkling of an eye some 200 riot police, toting sten-guns, invaded the square, and the youths were led off, chanting *Vive l'Armée!* On Sunday morning, while the 11 o'clock mass was being celebrated to an overflow congregation in the old church, the *Jeune Nation* boys returned and pounced on an unfortunate female do-gooder who was selling *L'Express*. They seized about fifty copies, tore them up (*'A bas les intellectuels masochistes!'*) and attempted to light a bonfire; but in the scrimmage they became inextricably mingled with the overflow congregation, to the great scandal of the Rector of St Germain, who rushed out in his surplice and subjected them to a passionate harangue on sacrilege. The incident ended like the second act of a boulevard farce, with everyone shouting at once and the female do-gooder from *L'Express* in tears.

These scenes are typical of a city smouldering with violence. There are two very large and well-organised gangs of Algerian terrorists, one of which has just begun a systematic campaign to assassinate policemen, and five or six Fascist groups. The Communists, too, have worked themselves into a mood of evangelical frenzy over the death of Marcel Cachin, and are looking for trouble. The atmosphere is February 1934, and I have never seen the police so nervous and so quick to draw their weapons. Not surprisingly, the mood has spread to the Palais Bourbon, and a disgraceful scene occurred during the Sakiet debate last week. Le Pen, the young ex-Poujadist deputy, who has openly defended torture in the Assembly, made the first explicitly racist speech to be heard in the Chamber since the war. That Mendès-France was a traitor, he said, was proved not merely by his political record, but also by his physical appearance. It is an index of the degeneration of French public life that Mendès felt himself obliged to reply to this accusation.

And what of the little men in the middle, who have run French politics since the war? They are now thoroughly frightened by the forces of violence which their years of timidity have nourished. But none of them seems to have any suggestion as to how the Algerian war can be ended, let alone won. For most of the time I was in Paris last week, the country was virtually without a prime minister. The little Felix Gaillard, a smooth young bureaucrat who has been swept gently and rapidly to the summit of French politics on the swelling tide of his wife's fortune and M. Jean Monnet's patronage, found the Sakiet crisis too much for his limited political stamina. Last week, after a six-hour cabinet meeting and a hostile reception in the Assembly, he went back to the Hôtel Matignon and took to his bed in a state of nervous collapse. For two whole days he refused to see anybody and angry cabinet ministers found the door barred by an impassive major-domo.

Mollet, of course, remains the most powerful man in France, and it looks as though he will have to be put back into office fairly soon, for everyone agrees that the Gaillard experiment has been a disreputable failure. But this, in my view, will make matters still worse, if that is possible. The Socialist Party has now reached a state of demoralisation which only a spell in opposition — or at least semi-opposition — can cure. Take the events of last week. The parliamentary party was virtually unanimous in condemning the Sakiet bombing, and so were most of the Socialist ministers. Yet in the debate, the Socialist deputies voted solidly for a government motion which both authorised and justified the attack. What is the explanation? Not, I believe, a desire to avoid a Cabinet crisis: for the party could have put pressure on Gaillard to modify the terms of his motion and his speech.

The real explanation seems to lie in Marseilles, where, a week before, the first ballot had been held in a by-election to replace a deceased Communist deputy. The Communists had failed to secure an absolute majority — thus entailing a second ballot last Sunday — and the Socialist candidate had come second in the poll. According to the usual practice, all the other candidates were asked to withdraw in favour of the Socialists and so ensure the defeat of the Communist. But this time, the Independent candidate, who had come third, stoutly declared that, so far as he was concerned, there was no difference between a Socialist and a Communist, and he would maintain his candidature. On Tuesday, when the Assembly vote was taken, Mollet was still convinced that pressure from Pinay, the Independent leader, could secure a withdrawal. The price for Pinay's personal intervention was, of course, a Socialist vote for a motion approved by the right.

Ironically enough, this was one of Mollet's hard calculations which went astray. He delivered his vote all right, but Pinay failed to oust his candidate. When Sunday dawned, there were still three in the field, the anti-Communist vote was neatly split in two, and the Communist romped home with a handsome majority.

Westminster

The Dogs of Peace

The man's mouth was hanging open. This was not surprising, since the right arm of a policeman was pulled tight across his throat. Behind, another half-dozen policemen pushed like forwards in a rugger scrum until the man was bundled into a Black Maria. Further back a young woman, standing on the pavement and refusing to move, had her face slapped twice by a police sergeant. In the gutter was a man who had been knocked out, and when a photographer tried to take a picture as the ambulance arrived, a motor-cycle policeman seized his shoulder and flung him along the pavement. 'You're not having a picture of that,' he shouted. 'Why? Because I say so.'

These scenes were the more inexcusable because the crowd which had sauntered into Downing Street last Monday night to chant slogans at the Prime Minister was entirely good-humoured – and passive. Indeed, I heard a senior police officer say at one stage: 'They're sitting down and I don't know what we're going to do. We can't turn hoses on them. They only do that in India.' But the police had been caught on the hop. When the first saunterers arrived there was no one to stop them from reaching the Prime Minister's front door. In panic, whoever was on duty sent for large reinforcements, not only of constables but even of Alsatian dogs – new and disturbing entrants to the political scene – and some of them lost their tempers.

The evening had begun with meetings, brilliantly organised by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in the Central Hall and other halls nearby. Though feeling was strong enough to pack these halls and to provide the astonishing collection of £1,756, it was not, except for a brief moment, near flash-point. The halls were not packed with fervent do-gooders nor jargon-drilled Communists. Instead, the audiences were ordinary people, with some variety of colour and wide variety of accent and age, who chatted amiably together or munched sandwiches. They listened carefully to Bertrand Russell who, impassive, erect and aloof, and making no concession to the fact that he was on a public platform, read from a manuscript in his quiet, old, precious voice, a description of the horrors which could derive even from unexploded plutonium. Yet, they were somehow light-hearted, ready for a laugh – with Priestley, the simple Yorkshireman, describing civil servants filling in their forms in triplicate as they scrambled from an H-bomb crater, or at King-Hall's speculations about the effects of the government's plans to leave unmarried men and childless women in the bombed areas, or at the skilful trick by which a heckler managed momentarily to grasp the microphone from Michael Foot.

This apparent light-heartedness was puzzling. The subject was serious. The audiences felt strongly enough about it to join huge meetings on a frosty night. Yet they were ready to laugh and, until Alan Taylor spoke, they were not really stirred. Taylor described the horrors of an H-bomb attack, the million immediately dead, the million more dying painfully over a period of weeks, the children thereafter born blind, or mentally defective or monsters, and then dramatically he put this simple question: 'Knowing all that, would any single person in this hall himself press the button?' There was deep silence. The platform trick had worked. Thereafter for a short time the meeting caught fire.

Why was this? Partly, I think, because the implications of the subject are so vast. By their writings, Russell and Priestley have managed to stir the anxieties latent in the hearts of ordinary men; but the minds of ordinary men cannot grasp more than a fraction of the whole issue. Just as men who can see beauty in a railway cutting are sometimes wholly unable to take in the Grand Canyon, so Monday's audience grasped at once the implications of rocket bases in this country or the direct personal challenge made by Taylor, but failed to encompass with their minds the full menace of the H-bomb. There was, too, I think, a feeling that however right and intellectually commanding such men as Priestley and Russell may be, they have not the power to act; and that the politicians of both parties who have that power are unwilling to use it.

Here, indeed, was an example of the needless, wholly avoidable failure, not of these great meetings, but of the Labour Party. The meetings approved a statement calling for the suspension of H-bomb patrol flights over Britain and of H-bomb tests, for the abandonment both of missile bases in Britain and of the provision by Britain of nuclear weapons to other countries. But doesn't the Labour Party in fact accept all these? Yet at these meetings cynical references to the Labour Party were applauded as heartily as references to the Tories. If only Labour would be a bit more precise and a lot more outspoken about what its position really is, if Gaitskell and Bevan would stand on platforms with Russell and Priestley, not merely would they put themselves at the head of a campaign which anyway is beginning to stir the country, but, far more important, they would give to the bewildered ordinary man the belief that his anxieties and frustrations could be concentrated into effective action.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Top People's Mud

That great journalist the late A. P. Wadsworth of the *Manchester Guardian* once remarked that the early history of the British press was to be explained by the conviction of all those in positions of influence that the lower orders were not to be trusted and that therefore any papers that catered for them were of their nature bound to be disreputable and ought to be tightly controlled and if possible suppressed. It is difficult not to see some hangover from this feeling in the violent attacks on 'the popular press' – the critics rarely particularise – currently so popular in the correspondence columns of *The Times*.

This latest torrent of mud-flinging was, of course, set off by the letter, given pride of place at the top of the main correspondence column of *The Times*, from Mr A. H. Milward, Chief Executive of British European Airways. He complained – obviously sincerely – about the conduct of British press photographers 'almost 20 in number' in the Munich hospital where the Manchester United survivors, along with those journalists who survived the air crash, were fighting for their lives. The fact that, as subsequent letters from Mr Cecil H. King, chairman of the *Daily Mirror*, and others have shown, there were not 20 but only six British cameramen at the hospital (the rest were German, American and other nationalities), that the photographs they took were at the invitation of the hospital authorities, that the photographers refrained from using flash lights as soon as requested, and that there have been no criticisms from the relatives of any of the injured (or for that matter from the hospital authorities), has had no effect on the orgy of abuse that followed. Nor has the fact that the photograph denounced as most despicable and most typical of the ethics of gutter press was published by the *News Chronicle*, which, whatever its other faults, cannot be accused of disdain of journalistic ethics.

The great majority of those who have written to *The Times*, and the MPs who have sought to raise the matter in the House, do not however seem particularly interested in waiting for the facts, or in finding out which particular papers, if any, offended and then naming them. They prefer to make charges against the 'popular press' as a whole. They consider that any mud will do to fling at all those papers which sell in large numbers; and *The Times* is always happy to provide them with an opportunity to fling it.

In part, of course, this is the fault of the popular press itself. Anyone who attacks it can be sure of a sympathetic hearing because so many people have been convinced by its past behaviour that the worst about it is likely to be true. Undoubtedly the mass-circulation newspapers – or some of them – have a good deal to answer for. But although some papers may deserve whatever is coming to them, the slap-happy use of the generic term 'the popular press' in the sort of campaign that has been waging in *The Times*'s correspondence columns has no excuse. It simply is not true that all 'popular papers' are *ipso facto* guilty. Or that those with the biggest circulations are always the worst. Many of those who throw these sort of charges about are, however, clearly much less concerned to call a particular paper to account for a particular incident than to strike as much of the mass-press as they possibly can as hard as they can. And one suspects that its real sin in some of their eyes is simply that it is popular. They are anxious to denigrate the popular press because they suspect and fear it. Their fear may be well based. The technique of intrusion, the brash inquisitiveness that, wrongly used, calls for detailed exposure and condemnation can also, when turned to other purposes, be very inconvenient for those in positions of power, and for all their friends in the Establishment. It can compel changes of mind about the expulsion of refugees, force inquiries which disclose just how great institutions actually operate, stand in the way of all manner of bureaucratic trampling on individual rights. It can give the mass – the 'lower orders' – a voice. It can't be suppressed so easily as it once was. But there is still a chance to discredit it. Out with your pens and write to *The Times*.

Incidentally I wonder if some of those who are so concerned about the conduct of the press have ever thought of turning their attention to some of the current reporting habits of *The Times* itself. I have quoted instances here before of its dangerous selectivity. Here is the latest one. On Monday over 5,000 people gathered in five London halls to hear Bertrand Russell, J. B. Priestley and other speakers launch a campaign against the manufacture of the H-bomb – a campaign which has the backing of distinguished churchmen, scientists, authors, artists and public men and women of many political affiliations. 'It was,' reported the *News Chronicle*, 'the biggest indoor demonstration in London since the war – probably since the great Popular Front rallies against Fascism in the late nineteen-thirties.' These meetings were reported in varying degree throughout the despised popular press. Their scale alone made them news. They were ignored by *The Times*. Only what it approves of is news.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

A Plague on Both?

THE Rochdale result has sent the beads rattling across the political abacus. But, despite the glee with which the Liberals count and recount the 17,000 votes cast for Mr Kennedy, the addition really makes a gloomy sum for them. If they put 300 candidates into the field at the next election, and if each of them did relatively as well as Mr Kennedy, they would win three and perhaps four seats in the Liberal strongholds in the west of England—and they would lose the seats in which the Tories gave them a clear run in 1955. On the other hand, the rebels and deserters from the Tory camp could easily slip back again at a general election, and Mr Grimond would then be left as the sole Liberal representative in the Commons. This is the simple arithmetic of our electoral system. Before the Liberal Party can expect to hold its present seats, let alone add to them, it must do far better than it did in the favourable circumstances of Rochdale. A party which hails its defeats at Gloucester, Ipswich and Rochdale as 'victories' is whistling in the dark.

For this reason, the Liberal leaders will be increasingly tempted to seek some sort of agreement with the Tory Party as an election draws nearer—and they may well calculate that the better they do at the next run of by-elections the better the bargain they can strike. Equally, for all Lord Hailsham's anger at 'a party which has a name but no policy', the Tory managers are bound to be considering whether to buy off the Liberals or to smash them completely at the price of letting Labour in.

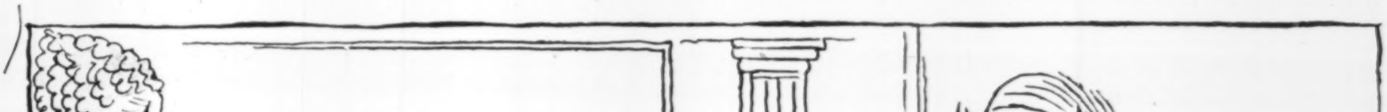
It is not, however, the ultimate fate of the Liberal Party that matters now. It is the present mood of a sizeable part of the electorate that should be causing concern in both the Tory Central Office and Transport House. For more and more voters are willing to break ranks and cast their ballots as a protest against both party machines. This is an important shift, both in opinion and political behaviour. In the last ten years, the main parties have been nearly equal in voting strength: though the electors might be rather bored, and increasingly cynical, they would still turn out loyally on polling day to vote for Box or Cox. Now that pattern is breaking up. A good many of them are deliberately 'wasting' their votes already—and more may soon follow the lead.

It is fairly easy, of course, to understand why the Tories are losing ground. This is an incompetent, and in some respects a disreputable, government. Its social and foreign policies have antagonised moderate opinion without pleasing its own extreme supporters. If politics were to follow their normal course the Labour Party could reasonably expect a majority; enough Tories would abstain and enough of the floating vote would shift to tip the balance in 50 or 60 marginal constituencies. This may yet happen. But it is not happening now. On the contrary, at a time when the opposition party should be gaining ground it is barely holding its own—and some of its voters are showing a disquieting tendency to drift away and cast protest votes. This is less easy to explain. But the failure of Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues to profit from the decline in the government's fortunes is the most significant fact about British politics today.

Naturally, no one would expect the Labour Party to pick up all the defecting Tory votes now being cast for Liberal candidates, for a great many of these votes are 'Liberal' only in name: they, in fact, come from the Tory right, and to this extent it is wrong to regard the Liberal vote—as the Greenwich Survey suggested—as a Jacob's ladder between the Tory and Liberal parties. But the Labour Party should be attracting a great many of the younger people who now find excitement and fulfilment in working for the Liberal cause. It should be winning back the older ones who voted Labour in 1945 or 1950 and who now vote Liberal—because Labour has lost its appeal and they cannot bring themselves to vote for a Tory. And this is not merely a matter of counting heads. Among those who are now voting Liberal, and working for Liberals, there are people of ability and enthusiasm who ought to be active members of the Labour Party, whom it could use both to strengthen its local organisation and, in the long run, draw on for local and national leadership.

It is no answer to say that they must be very confused in their minds, or that they are unrealistic dilettantes, who, if they understood political realities, would line up with Labour. It is partly because the Labour Party seems too obsessed with its daily cares, too unimaginative, too timid, too prone to give a dusty answer to angry young men, that they are attracted by the muddled glamour of Liberal campaigns or driven into sullen attacks on dreary Box and weary Cox.

This is an unhealthy situation, and the blame for it does not lie wholly at the door of the Labour Party. The world in which we now live is more complicated than it was when the Left could campaign against Japan's rape of Manchuria, or the Fascist aggressions against Abyssinia, Spain and Czechoslovakia, or denounce a ruling class which starved Jarrow and dined Ribbentrop. It is more complicated, and because there is much less room to manœuvre, far more dangerous. Twenty years ago, Russia was a dis-



'He thinks like a Tory, and talks like a Radical, and that's so important nowadays.'
—Lady Windermere's Fan, Act II

tant myth, America was 3,000 miles away by sea, China did not exist, and colonial nationalism mattered nowhere but in India. Today, in the Bomb Age, two giants lurch at each other across a globe in which British party politics seem to matter and mean less and less. No wonder that there are no clear issues, and that Jimmy Porter cries out nostalgically for a good clean cause and despairingly curses because he is denied one.

Yet there are causes. And it is the job of effective radical leadership to identify and clarify them to the point of action. The Labour Party's failure lies in its belief, or at least in the belief of its leaders, that because the problems are complicated the only possible answers must be equally complicated. This leads not to decision, but to indecision, not to action, but to paralysis. The real test of leadership is the ability to make up one's mind—and a party which fails to do this is bound to present a fuzzy image to the electors and to desiccate the enthusiasm of its members.

This is the crux of Labour's problem. It is easy for any Labour speaker to rehearse the misdeeds of the Eden and Macmillan governments. He can even make a decent and general summary of Labour's policy. But the nearer we come to the general election—despite the elaborate policy statements that are now coming from Transport House—the less the party leadership seems willing to make specific commitments upon vital points. And the fewer the commitments the less likely it is that the next Labour government will take decisions in office that it has shirked in opposition. At one point after another—the problem of inflation, for instance, or of rents, or the House of Lords, to say nothing about public ownership, the bombs, the bases and the Russians—Labour spokesmen make their case against the Tories and leave the public in doubt what Labour itself would do. It is an axiom of politics that party leaders want a blank cheque if they can get it. But they ignore its converse at their peril—that the electorate may ask how much is in the bank, and what it is being asked to sign away.

All God's Chillun

THE little Methodist church of St. Andrew's in Lusaka was crowded a quarter of an hour before the service was due to start, and the sidesmen were already drawing on the stacks of extra chairs when we arrived. We took the last two seats in the back row and watched the sidesmen pack them in—white and black in an endless stream—while the mosquitoes nibbled my ankles in the humid heat. Quietly they streamed in, and reverently, but there was an air of suppressed excitement under the Sunday suits. For the tour of Dr Macleod, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, had been major news, not only in Northern Rhodesia, but throughout the whole Federation. 'He's made them sit up,' as one Church of Scotland missionary had told me proudly. That was why my companion, a local journalist, was there.

It was a strictly theological sermon as it happened; no sensational 'copy'. But I watched the faces of the Africans around me as Dr Macleod powerfully built up his case. What made Christianity different from other religions? There had been the Chaldeans, seeking God in the stars; the Buddhists, seeking holiness in meditation, cut off from the cravings of the world. And then God had revealed Himself to His chosen people, floundering in servitude, not only to Egypt, but to her empty idols. The bush burned before Moses and the Lord spoke from it: 'Put off the shoes from off thy feet for the place where thou standest is holy ground.'

The place where thou standest . . . that meant Lusaka and the people who lived in it. The Christian God, said Dr Macleod, had brought religion down to earth. It was only here, in our daily relations with our fellow men, our brothers, that we could find holiness. 'I doubt whether the African will make much of *that*,' whispered my friend, putting his notebook away in disgruntlement. But I thought that most of the congregation had taken the point all right. The Bible, after all, makes heady reading and the African had only to carry Dr Macleod's text from Exodus a verse or two farther on: 'And the Lord said: "I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters, for I know their sorrows. And I am come to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians".' A pure Negro spiritual.

The irony of Central and South Africa today is that the missionaries, once regarded as pacifiers to smooth the white Cæsar's way, are turning their texts against the temporal governments. To their credit, having brought the Christian message to the African, they are, for the most part, refusing to deny its logic because it has become inconvenient. If 'thou shalt nots' are there in the message, so are the promises, and the churches are refusing to sell the one without the other. As a result they are gravely interfering with the white politicians' plans. It is no accident, for instance, that it is a missionary, the Rev. Andrew Doig, of the Church of Scotland of Nyasaland, who has made the trip to England to try to impress upon the British Colonial Secretary the dangers and iniquities of the Federal Franchise Bill. And it was another group of missionaries, Methodist this time, which, on 18 January, concluded its annual synod in Northern Rhodesia with a unanimous resolution calling on all Methodists to lobby their MPs against the Federal Franchise Bill and the proposal to grant dominion status to the Central African Federation in two years' time.

The awkward thing about the missionaries is that they not only set up to interpret God's will, but the hopes of the African. They insist on trumping the temporal government's ace. For one of the major cards of the colonial administration in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, as I found on my visit, is the claim that the vast majority of the Africans do not know or care about political questions such as Federation, the whole campaign against it being stirred up by a few 'agitators'. When I told one provincial commissioner in Nyasaland that I had not met a single educated African there who supported Federation, he replied: 'Ah, but you have only been talking to the one per cent. Go into the villages and you will find the people much more primitive there; they couldn't care less.' To which I retorted: 'I see, so you are founding the case for Federation on illiteracy.' But the missionaries do not base their opposition to Federation on an epigram. They insist that they work in the villages and know the African as no provincial commissioner can hope to do. As one missionary in Nyasaland explained to me: 'Almost every family in the villages has a relative who has been compelled by economic necessity to go and work in Southern Rhodesia or the Union. They have seen race segregation at work and they don't like it. It is as simple as that.'

Identification—that is the hallmark of a good missionary and it is that which makes him so embarrassing to governments struggling with the European electorates' prejudices about white supremacy. For when once you start to identify yourself with the African, you think of him as an equal and all the elaborate arguments about keeping government in the hands of 'civilised' people fall to the ground. After all, anyone whom God has chosen must, surely, be 'civilised'? This is the awkward logic of Christianity and there are hundreds of committed Christians, up and down South and Central Africa, who are prepared to go to the stake for it. Father Huddleston, insisting on the divine individuality of every human soul in his care, was an exceptional man, but he was no exception. When he was called back from South Africa by the Community of the Resurrection, his place was at once filled by someone as gaily un-race-conscious as he—Father Jarrett Kerr. When he took me round the Alexandra township, holding his cassock high above the mud of its thoroughly 'unadopted' roads, I went with someone to whom every rut was familiar and beloved. And it was he who introduced me to the Union of African Artists which organises rock and roll groups in the townships which would sweep the board in the Six-Five Special on the BBC. I shall always remember him, when he took me to the Non-Europeans Only performance of an African ballet ('We've signed you on as a committee member, because of the law'), throwing his head back in sheer delight as an African penny-whistle band came on the stage, symbol of light-hearted defiance of crippling poverty.

But identification, once started, is difficult to stop and a large number of missionaries don't intend to try to stop it. They carry its logic into a dozen different activities, as Guy Clutton-Brock has done at St Faith's Mission Farm in Southern Rhodesia. When I told the Governor I was going there, he frowned. 'Why do you all insist on visiting St Faith's?' The answer was, of course, that it is famous throughout Africa, simply because it is so different from anything else in Southern Rhodesia. It believes, for one thing, in training the tenants in technical skills normally closed to the African. For another, the farm is run on co-operative principles, showing, as its brochure says, that 'partnership can work in practice'.

I was not surprised to learn, therefore, that Guy Clutton-Brock had joined the Southern Rhodesia African National Congress because, he explained, it was a 'movement of the common man'. I had already met a Quaker who had done the same. Other missionaries, like Mervyn Temple of Northern Rhodesia, secretary of the Society for Christian Literature there, have joined the Constitution Party which is trying to translate into politics the multi-racial ideas of the Capricorn Society. Much as they have done, the churches are haunted by the fear that they have not done enough to offset the harm caused by the politicians to Christianity. That is why they are increasingly forced to deliver political judgments.

NEXT WEEK

I Like America

A Report by ALEXANDER WERTH

This is particularly true of South Africa, where segregationist policies are more brutal and crude. While Dr Macleod was delivering his sermons in Northern Rhodesia, the Most Reverend Joost de Blank, Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, was thundering against the Nationalist government in the February issue of his diocesan magazine: 'The country's apartheid legislation grows increasingly abhorrent to me,' he wrote. 'If it were ever proved to me that apartheid does in fact operate in any church in this diocese, let me state with all the emphasis at my command that I should do everything in my power to eradicate it.' But he did not halt his diatribes at the church door; he might have been more acceptable to the government, if he had. Instead he continued: 'I cannot accept principle of permanent *baasskap* in any form or guise. European domination we utterly reject as inhuman and un-Christian.' And he explained how apartheid worked in practice, as he had seen it for himself when the Cape Town City Council set out to clean up the African slums at Windermere by directing the men to 'bachelor' quarters while leaving the women and children to make their own way back to the reserves. 'Migrant labourers were needed and therefore welcome,' he wrote, 'but family units were not encouraged. Christians could not but condemn a policy which involved the deliberate breaking up of families.' But the breaking up of families to serve European needs is a familiar picture throughout colonial Africa. Without it industry could not be run, or the white man's needs for servants be met under present policies in Nairobi, Salisbury or the Copperbelt. If the churches are going to get squeamish about things like this, Mr. Lennox-Boyd might say, they won't be much better than the Communists.

And that, indeed, is what they are proving to be. Ironically, they have become the Communists' biggest rivals by so often being their collaborators. For their approach to the colour question is fundamentally the same: a simple acceptance of human equality. The churches are too busy fighting vicious racial laws, which threaten everything in which they believe, to examine the credentials of those who fight with them. When I was in Johannesburg I heard of the minor civil war which was going on in the villages near to the borders of Bechuanaland, some two hundred miles away, where the Nationalist government was trying to compel the women to carry the abhorred 'reference books'. Many of them had been arrested, along with their husbands, and I went along to investigate in the company of the white woman lawyer whom they had retained in their defence. It did not even occur to me to wonder whether she was a Communist. Nor did this fact seem at all important to Father Hooper, the Anglican priest and missionary whose home was a sanctuary in the troubled area. These women were, many of them, members of his mission and he was completely identified with them in their struggle against the pass laws which could break up their homes. What could be more natural than that they should meet their lawyer on his premises? He had long ago given up the attempt to conciliate his white parishioners who had boycotted him almost from the day of his institution because he had invited African members of his mission council to the ceremony.

When I met him, he and his wife were living almost in a state of seige in the 'white' town of Zeerust, but, when he drove me into the reserves in his Land-Rover (affectionately known to the Africans as 'God's pickup'), I knew he did not care. He had been sent to convert the African to the Christian God, Who was not to be mocked by apartheid policies. And, with all the inconvenient logic of the man of faith, he was getting on with it. The African child of his servant, whom he took on his knee so that he could have the joy of 'steering' the car, was clearly as important to him as any white child. And, as I saw those two at the wheel, I felt I realised the tragi-comedy of Africa. The priest, brought in to bless the white man's rule, is steadily destroying it. And an awkward choice faces the exponents of 'white civilisation'. They must either admit that the white man has not got a monopoly of 'civilisation', after all, or they must fight every organised outpost of Christianity. And once they do that I believe that the African, having seen the white man deny his own religion, will turn to the only secular faith with the same simple dynamic—Communism.

Barbara Castle

London Diary

I AM still convinced that the worst danger of the Nuclear Madness, which I don't think anyone at the Central Hall meeting quite sufficently stressed, comes from all our destructive impulses. There is a distinct possibility that the human race will be unable to resist the peculiar kind of solipsistic gratification which the H-weapon offers. For the first time the wish to blot out the universe, which the normal infant probably experiences several times a day, can be fulfilled. You have only got to consider the prevalence of the apocalypse myth, or note how the eyes of a depressive brighten at news of catastrophe, to realise the insanity of leaving such a temptation unbanned. Meanwhile, what types of 'unforeseen circumstance or miscalculation', to use Duncan Sandys's words, can you imagine that might 'spark off a world-wide catastrophe'? To begin with there is the electronic accident on the radar screen. One of these occurred quite recently, according to *The Times* Washington correspondent, when radar stations at sea picked up 'blips' suggesting that an air armada was flying at 2,000 mph towards the interior of the United States. General Power, commander of the SAC, gave the stand-by order, but added: wait. Whether, as has been suggested, one of those vast starling roosts in which many millions of birds take part, and which, incidentally, they are now using rockets to disperse, could do the trick I do not know; but obviously the radarscope is hypersensitive. Then there is the psychotic temperament occurring in the man on the vital spot. The doomed megalomaniac who wants to take some company with him into the next world is not so rare. Apart from Hitler, there was the French general in the first world war who knew he was dying of an incurable disease and ordered an egregiously hopeless offensive to celebrate. The odds against these two types of accident occurring in combination cannot be so much longer than many racing doubles.

* * *

Dr Ernest Jones, the doyen of British psycho-analysts, who died last week, was one of those charming omniscient all-rounders, versatile as the geniuses you find in detective stories. Musician, chess-player, champion figure-skater, he kept in touch with developments in nuclear physics and biology. 'In spite of many vicissitudes, here I am enjoying life at the age of 79,' he wrote to me not long before Christmas, in a courteous letter thanking me for my review of the final volume of his monumental biography of Freud. He added, with typical psycho-analyst's realism, that his motive for putting a particular anecdote into the first volume had been to 'save such a good story in case I never survive to Vol 3'. Jones had a bright, bird-like Celtic eye and the profile of an owl. His singular tact and benevolence were displayed in the lasting peace he was able to bring about between the two sects or currents, led by Anna Freud and Melanie Klein, inside the British psycho-analytical movement. His essays in applied psycho-analysis ranged widely. There was the famous study of Hamlet and his Oedipus complex, after which Shakespearean criticism has never been quite the same. I believe he once delivered to a well-known actor who came to consult him, an impromptu discourse on the underlying homosexual motivation of Iago's behaviour so convincing that the part was turned down. Readers of the New Statesman may remember some letters which he wrote suggesting paranoid features in Stalin's conduct of affairs. My own favourite of his books is his monograph on *The Nightmare*. The chapter on the vampire superstition is an overpowering demonstration of the truth of Freud's theories.

* * *

Went for my favourite London evening walk last week, the first time in several years—from Tower Hill through Wapping and Limehouse to the West India Dock Road. Despite depopulation, which began even before the war and the blitz, this, with the gantries overhead like a documentary film and the plangent aphrodisiac hooting from the river, is still an acutely romantic landscape. Unlike the other end of London where whole districts have sunk fathoms down the social scale, the changes here are in the direction of respectability. Even 'The Grapes' in Narrow Street, which used to be the most natural and unspoilt of the pubs fronting the river, has now done itself up in imitation of the 'Prospect of Whitby', and has its Dickens Room, not without justice for it indisputably features in *Our Mutual Friend*. A character who might almost have been left on by the management told me, in enticing detail, how before the first world war you could have a night out for a tosheroon (2s. 6d.), including supper and a music hall. Even so, making every allowance for inflation, nothing illustrates the change in the whole pattern of social and economic life since 1939 like a visit to the East End. Before the war the moment you entered a dockside pub you noticed the class dividing line. The men, many of them anyway, were noticeably smaller, and wore caps and chokers. The women seemed ageless and shapeless.

* * *

London pub-crawls always provide some unexpected item of social significance. One of the most surprising of all time was Marx's night-out in the Tottenham Court Road, which ended with throwing stones at lamp-posts. The details are not as well known as they deserve to be, as the passage describing it in Wilhelm Liebknecht's *Memoirs* has often been omitted by pious editors. The exact date is not given but it was probably early in Marx's London sojourn. Those taking part were Edgar Bauer, still on good terms with Marx despite the slating he had been given in *The Holy Family*, and Liebknecht. They set out at Bauer's suggestion to have a drink in every pub between Oxford Street and the Hampstead Road. At the end of the Tottenham Court Road they found themselves tangled up with a meeting of the Oddfellows. The sturdy British proletarians welcomed them civilly and, in order to make them feel at home, started abusing Prussian junkerdom. This, however, touched off a latent vein of nationalism brought to the surface by alcohol. Bauer began ridiculing English snobbery. Marx made a speech in praise of German science and music. Beethoven! Mozart! Bach! Handel! Haydn! he roared; what had England to set against such a list? The English, he went on, were far inferior to the Germans who were only prevented by unfortunate political and economic conditions from spectacular successes, and would soon prove themselves superior to all other nations! The Oddfellows took umbrage. Tempers were lost and the three exiles retreated into the night. Outside in the street Bauer stumbled over a stone and 'remembering his mad student pranks' picked it up and threw it at the nearest lamp-post. Marx and Liebknecht followed suit and between them they broke four out of five street lamps. Soon the night air was shrill with police whistles. The neo-Hegelians had to run for it, no doubt panting suitable epigrams about how the time had come to exchange the feet of history for the history of feet. Marx, says Liebknecht, developed a turn of speed of which he had never suspected him capable.

* * *

The Badger has always been my favourite British mammal. It makes a delightful and devoted pet, so long as you are prepared to put up with a little roughness in the puppy stage, and can be house-trained. I am pleased to note signs, such as frequent television appearances, that its popularity is on the increase. Interest in its fascinating and mysterious habits will be stimulated by the re-issue as a Pelican of Ernest Neal's classic monograph, *The Badger*. This includes the amazing eye-witness account, given originally by Brian Vesey Fitzgerald, of a badger's funeral outside the set. Neal quotes it with respect tempered by due zoological caution. No doubt one should not attach too much anthropomorphic significance to it, but the details of the sow-badger's behaviour as she digs a hole and buries her mate, uttering a whistling sound, suggest ritual grief as well as hygiene. There are badgers living wild within ten miles from Charing Cross, but as Neal remarks, the less said about these the better.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Hunting was the price the stag had to pay for a painless death, said Mr James Lindsay, Conservative MP for North Devon, at a meeting in Dulverton, Somerset, last night.—*Observer*. (D. H. Clarke.)

There will be innumerable different explanations of the result in the Rochdale by-election. The irresponsibility of the country's electorate is the most alarming feature of this result and, at the same time, the basic reason for it.—Letter in *The Times*. (N. Hopkin.)

Reporter: What's the difference between your act and Tommy Steele's?

Dene: Tommy is more of a happy singer, more merry like. I do more of a jerk. I jerk a lot, whereas Tommy is happy-go-lucky. I prefer a serious face mostly.—Interview with Terry Dene in *Daily Mail*. (John Ross.)

The man leapt on the girl from behind and clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her screams. They struggled for a moment in lonely, dimly lit St Stephen's Lane. Then the girl broke free and ran screaming down the road. Last night the police said 'The girl comes of very good family in Denmark. We will not, therefore, give her name or further details'.—*Daily Mail*. (B. G. Brew.)

Twa Tories

As I was scribblin' a' alane
I heart twa Tories makin' a mane;
The tane unto the tither spak,
'The ill wind blaws upon us, Mac.

The lawin' frae yon Duncan Sandys
Will no be met by shakin' hands;
The De'il is askin' mickle more
Than ghistly smiles at Singapore.

The bluidy deeds o' Lennox-Boyd
Stan' betwixt peace an' Selwyn Lloyd;
It's mair than Hailsham, wi' his bell,
Maun noo defy the curse o' Hell.

Our gallant feres the French again
Far o'ersea hae brent an' slain;
We hae few frien's an' mony foes
Wha curse the West Wind when it blaws.

Wi' Wa' Street stocks sae dim an' cowed
There is nae gowden goose for gowd;
An' did ye no pass nigh the Nile
Where there was channerin' the while?

An' noo we hae new freits an' fears
Wi' Rochdale bluidy pioneers
An' a' the fashes noo are shared
By ilka bonnie backwood Laird.

Fire an' fleet an' candle-licht,
They will na' last anither nicht—
On our white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Parks in Patches

WITH the passing of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act in 1949, 50 years of passionate campaigning seemed to have reached a triumphant end. The most beautiful parts of England and Wales would be secure from spoliation for ever, and we should be free to wander at will over all open country 'predominantly consisting of mountain, moor, heath, down, cliff or foreshore'. In practice, it has not worked out quite like that. The inadequacies of the protection afforded by the Act, as regards both spoliation and access, may be studied with depressing clarity in two cases now before the Minister of Housing and Local Government: the proposal to site a nuclear power station at Trawsfynydd in the Snowdonia National Park, and the continued refusal of the West Riding County Council, after eight years, to secure public access to the grouse moors in its area. Though the Act had all-party support, there has not, since Mr Dalton's day as Minister of Town and Country Planning ended, been much enthusiasm on either side of the House for making it work.

Two fatal flaws early made themselves felt: the fact that amenity could be overridden on the plea of national necessity; and the fact that real power remained in the hands of the local authorities, the National Parks Commission being a merely advisory body. On each park committee or joint planning board, the county councils had a majority representation and could outvote the minister's nominees. Cries of 'Dictation from Whitehall' could be raised whenever park considerations came into conflict with local industrial or sporting interests, as they inevitably must. The final decision rested with the minister, but it is generally felt that Mr Brooke's Tory predecessors paid no more than lip-service to amenity. It is earnestly to be hoped that he will show himself more enlightened.

Park boards and committees vary from the good (Peak District) to the downright bad (Dartmoor, where by the dodge of delegating authority to sub-committees, the minister's nominees can be by-passed—their most active, Mrs Sylvia Sayer, recently resigned in indignant protest). But the county councillor with the purest of æsthetic intentions is bound to be influenced by local feeling, and local feeling—let us face it—rarely cares a button for its own scenery. It hankers after the seaplane factory, the oil refinery, the atomic power station—'better a line of pylons than a line outside the labour exchange'. The local secretary of the National Agricultural Workers' Union is one of the most vocal supporters of the Trawsfynydd scheme.

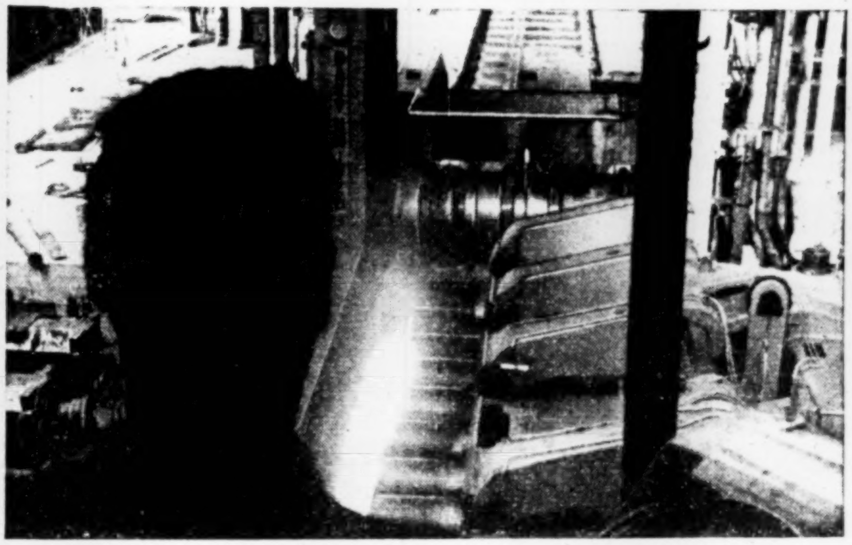
Humanly, one can in a sense sympathise. But the answer to this attitude is, of course, that it will kill a goose which is already laying golden eggs and which could lay them in far greater quantity when the whole population, instead of the present 53 per cent, can go away for its holidays. Tourism is already a sizable industry and our biggest single dollar-earner. More tourist facilities in the way of well-designed and sited hotels and guest-houses are needed in all the national parks and their building and staffing would give local employment.

And in any case, vast projects like Trawsfynydd, or like the transformation of Milford Haven into a deep-water tanker harbour which is to leave an irreparable scar on the Pembrokeshire park, will have to import most of their labour. The two or three hundred local men likely to be employed could equally well be provided for by small, controlled industrial development in existing towns like Blaenau Ffestiniog, where investigation has already been made into ways of using the tips left by slate-quarrying.

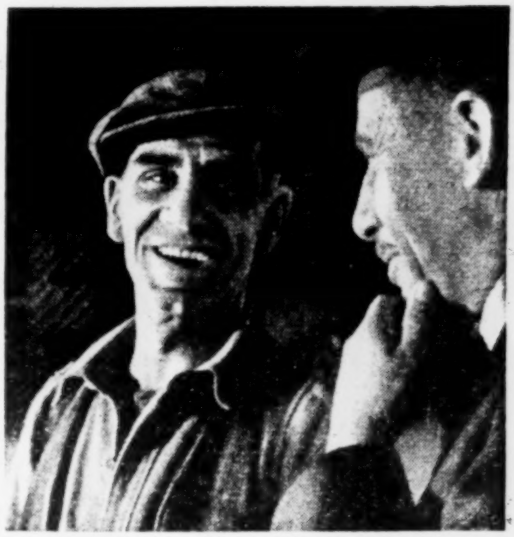
But when local opinion goes hand in hand with pleas of national necessity, what hope is there for mere beauty? The service departments, and great statutory bodies like the Central Electricity Authority (now Generating Board) have shown themselves ruthless in their demands. An encounter between Lord Citrine, in his capacity as chairman of the latter, and some of the National Parks commissioners was grimly symbolic. 'It is my statutory duty to provide the country with electricity,' he told them. 'But it is ours to safeguard the beauty of the countryside,' they answered. Impasse.

In the matter of access to open country, the position is undeniably better since the passing of the Act. The classic battlegrounds were the Derbyshire moors, less than 20 miles from the centres of Manchester and Sheffield. The Peak Park Board have already secured access to practically the whole of Kinderscout and to 15 square miles of Bleaklow, and are negotiating for another 20; the moors are closed for grouse-shooting on a few agreed days in the year. Lancashire County Council has gained access to some moors, though on the famous Abbeystead grouse moors in the Trough of Bowland, Lord Sefton's keepers still turn walkers away. No access agreements were needed in the Lake District, because its uncultivated country was already open to walkers. But the West Riding remains the black spot, and an instructive example of how the minister can be absolutely flouted by a local authority which is, it would appear, heavily biased in favour of the local landowners.

Under the Act, local authorities were required to survey their open country and secure access agreements. But in 1954, the West Riding County Council decided to take no action. Objections were at once raised by the Ramblers' Association, which



Deft flicks of small levers control tons of glowing metal in the first stage of rolling at Lackenby. When it is finished, the Universal Beam Mill here will produce steel beams in all shapes and sizes.



Stanley Curphey (right), steelworks superintendent, talks with Jack Smith, chairman of the Lackenby Trade Union branch. Friendly contact at man-to-man level may explain the absence of industrial strife.

Tomorrow clamours for steel –and the steel is coming

By GRAHAM HUTTON

(PICTURES BY IVOR SHARP)

Demand for steel is advancing. Atomic power stations; fly-over road junctions; new, more complicated equipment for the world's industries; our own industries – all clamour for steel. To meet this challenge, the Steel Industry has planned to raise steel output by another third by 1962. What does this mean in terms of men and money ?

THE legendary site of the Garden of Eden is in Iraq. There the supposed Tree of Knowledge is shored-up on a girder of steel – like bridges and buildings throughout the world – bearing the names "Dorman Long." I thought I would go to the steel mills whence it came.

From old works in Middlesbrough this famous concern has spread down-Tees, modernising, expanding. High-capacity automatic ore-unloaders were the first step in post-war progress. Then came the open-hearth steel plant at Lackenby, two large blast-furnaces, and a blooming mill and medium section mill. The post-war developments of Dorman Long alone required investment of about £60 millions.

One building three-fifths of a mile long

The biggest project, due for completion this year, is the first of its kind in this country. It is a combined Universal Beam and Heavy Section mill. It will roll out solid beams of steel in one piece in their proper shapes and sizes, to hold anything from bridges to skyscrapers. It is three-fifths of a mile long – one building.

You quickly see that millions of pounds go into incredibly complex apparatus. Electronic computers; gigantic shafts and universal-joints to drive rollers; massive rollers and cooling-beds.

But money has to *come* from somewhere. Steel prices (which are fixed by the State-established Iron and Steel Board) are calculated to furnish some of the new capital required out of profits. But taxes take about 50% of profits. So one-third of the capital required will probably have to be raised from people's savings in the open market.

If you sink a lot of profits and other savings in costly equipment you must see that it earns its keep and a fair return on those savings. That thought keeps steel companies on their toes. And that is where Management comes in.

What does good Management do?

At Dorman Long, production rose over 50% from 1946 to 1952. More continuous use of plant meant that Management could take on 12% more workpeople, raise pay, improve deliveries, yet keep costs below the average rate of rise – even *before* the Lackenby plant began production in 1953. Meanwhile the new ore-preparation plant cut costs and helped to increase output. It knocked 15% off the coke needed, to make a ton of iron. Better use of all capital led to better pay, more employment, better service.

Management means men. Industrial relations in steel are probably the best in all industry. Apart from the General Strike in 1926 there has been no official strike by the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation for 50 years. Modern apparatus demands *more* skilled labour, not less. Dorman Long were the first company in the steel industry to introduce the "sandwich" course to train supervisors and managers. They offer outstanding employees all the Company's support, and turn them into managers. After 20 years of such industrial democracy, Dorman Long are reaping a fine crop of talents, trained "all round the shop." Management in steel knows its men. It has to.

Like all "human interest stories," this story has no elaborate plot. Like them, it is never-ending. Human brains invent new uses for steel every day. Britain's Iron and Steel Industry is abreast, if not ahead, of those of America or Germany. Its relations with workpeople, customers and suppliers, are excellent. It has made ambitious plans, and is swiftly fulfilling them. Steel is serving us well.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel, and about the men and organisations that make it.

with meagre resources has led a David-and-Goliath struggle against wealthy county councils, landowners, water undertakings and statutory bodies, whenever access or amenity have been threatened.

The minister then held a public inquiry at Wakefield, at which the County Council suggested negotiating a series of footpaths in place of free access – most of the proposed footpaths being existing rights of way. After nearly two years of thought, the minister came out strongly on the side of access, and told the council to go back and do their work, and show him results by the end of 1957.

But the council have now blandly reiterated their decision, and their arguments, already rejected by the Minister, that walkers would interfere with farming and sport. (In this matter of access, the two are always bracketed; curiously, in areas like the Lake District where there is sheep-grazing but no grouse-shooting, walkers do not seem to harm the sheep. My personal experience is that Lakeland and Snowdon sheep thrive on a diet of tourist sandwiches.) This case, equally with Trawsfynydd, is a test of Mr Brooke's metal.

Public opinion secured the Act's passing, but perpetual public clamour and campaign are evidently needed to make it effective. Those of us (and for a long time I was one) who imagined we had nothing more to do have been living in a fool's paradise. Finding access barred is a cause of fierce, but one may hope, temporary, irritation. Far more serious are the reactor, the refinery, the pylons and the overhead cables. It is these which will shame us in the eyes of posterity, to which our 'overriding national need' is likely to seem mere chronic mismanagement.

Elizabeth Coxhead

acclaim for

The Shaping of the Modern World

MAURICE BRUCE

'writes uncommonly well.
This is the best book
of its type available;
it has depth as well as breadth,
and offers insight and
understanding as well as knowledge'
THE TIMES

'remarkably successful—
a book which is thoroughly interesting'
T. K. DERRY (*Daily Telegraph*)

Hutchinson

Encounter

He saw him as soon as he entered. The coffee-house was always empty at this time of day. It was only after 11 that the officials of the Ministry of Public Works – one of the monumental buildings of an era now past – began to drop in by twos and threes for a mid-morning break.

He did not work at the Ministry of Public Works. Once he had worked in a different ministry, too close to the top, but that had been in a different time and age and seemed to bear no relation to his present existence. Now he did not work anywhere, for that matter, although officially he was carried on the pay-roll of the state publishing house which sent him his regular monthly pay-check. He hardly ever set foot inside the building. There appeared to exist a tacit understanding between him and his new employers of no questions asked on either part and no answers required. They seemed to know, as well as he did, that after the years of silence and solitude he was no more capable of putting his mind to work than they were capable of putting their minds to rest. In an unspoken gesture of apology they paid him a living – since someone had to pay him a living – at the suggestion of the authorities which had done so much to ruin his life and were now attempting to rehabilitate him. On paper, he bore the title of director, but there was nothing he either could or would direct. He was too preoccupied in assembling the broken pieces of what had once been a happy life and a brilliant career.

It was almost six months now that he had come out of prison. For nearly four years he had been in solitary confinement. For nearly four years he had dreamt – when he had not been too hurt to dream – of the city beyond those grey walls, the city which had been his from the beginning of time, the city which he had helped to defend with his bare hands against bombs and tanks and inhuman invaders. For four years he had dreamt – and not only at night but day-dreamt as well – of the woman he cherished above all others as his wife and his lover and his dearest companion. And in his dreams he had heard the laughter of his sons. When they had finally set him free – as suddenly and with as little explanation as they had once put him behind bars – he had been a stranger in his home-town which had changed, almost beyond recognition, from the heap of rubble he had left – rubble as dear and precious to him as the smooth and elegant thoroughfares which he remembered from before the war. He had been a stranger to his sons, who had grown to adolescence and to whom he was nothing but a photograph on the wall. He had been a stranger to his wife. She had offered herself to him, tenderly and with loving understanding, but their bodies, even when joined, were no longer one, and their souls, bruised and battered, were slowly and almost blindly groping their way toward each other. Their mutual suffering, rather than acting as a bridge, had created a gulf which nothing would bridge. Separation had made them into separate entities.

Every day of these past six months of freedom – freedom, he often repeated bitterly to himself – had been the kind of mental imprisonment which only those could understand who had actually been behind bars. If he was no longer within the greyness of prison walls, his solitude amidst his family and friends was matched by the small and silent cell. Just as he had never found a way of breaching those high prison walls, he now found no way of breaching the wall that separated him from all those who had never known the terror of four years of living death. If in prison the night had been kind to him in reuniting him with a gentler past, each night now became the repeated nightmare of taking him back into jail. He had tried everything, and nothing had been of any avail: neither sedatives nor vodka nor the love which the woman who had once been his wife now bestowed upon a stranger. Each and every night he had his rendezvous with destiny, and destiny always took the form of the man whom he now faced, ten feet away, in a half-empty coffee-house.

He had encountered him so often in his dreams that the real encounter came as an anti-climax. For four long years, this man had held power of life and death over the solitary prisoner who had never known why he had been sent to prison but had known that this man had been responsible for sending him there. For four long years, this man had been almost the only person to whom he had ever spoken – sometimes daily, at other times only once a week, but each encounter had been dreaded beforehand and had left him trembling for hours after. Each one of their talks had been loaded with fear and hatred and a profound sense of spiritual humiliation – humiliation that was rendered more concrete by the fact that he had always been forced to sit on a backless stool wedged in between the window and door of his jailer's private office, so that he would never see anyone save his powerful adversary, for even if the door opened – which happened rarely – he was hidden from view by the open door itself. The stool had been low enough for his enemy, comfortably seated in a swivel chair, to be towering above him, smoking incessantly, when he would have given his right arm for one cigarette, admonishing him to sit straight and to refrain from crossing his legs which, as he had explained at various times, was against etiquette.

Their talks, which appeared to have no beginning and no end, dragged on endlessly, with the man in the swivel chair sometimes shouting at him and occasionally threatening him, but as a rule talking to him softly, kindly suggesting as a friend, as man to man, comrade to comrade, as one party member to another, that for the sake of the cause he should at last own up to charges of high treason, charges so fantastic as to defy all sanity. He had never admitted anything, not even after he had been told that all his co-conspirators had confessed. He had never confessed anything where there had been nothing to confess, although after the first two years there had been times when he was no longer certain that he was not a traitor after all. There had been moments when he had been so filled with terror at the thought of the next encounter that he had made up his mind to admit his guilt, if only to put an end to an agony which had become unbearable. However, once he was face to face again with the man in the swivel chair, he could no more confess to a crime never committed than he could have broken the prison bars with his bare hands. He was outraged and frightened and silent.

Some time after he had been released he had learnt that his jailer had been deprived of all public and party offices and that he was soon to stand trial. Somehow he had pictured him as having taken refuge in a small, provincial town, where no one would either know him or spot him. To come upon him in the smartest of the new coffee-shops, in the very heart of the capital, filled him with such surprise that for a moment he was filled with admiration at his foe's bravado, but then almost immediately the old hatred and fear returned. He walked up to his table and bade him good day. The man stared at him for a second, but recognition came instantly. 'Good morning,' he answered and drew back as if bodily hit. 'How have you been?' the ex-prisoner asked, and his voice was not quite free of tremor. 'Where are you working these days?' he added, a little maliciously, filled with the sensation that now it was he who was towering above him, while his jailer shrank visibly, unable to utter a sound. 'What are your plans for the future?' he inquired in a now even voice, as if there were no irony in such an inquiry. But the man only shrank further into himself, seeking refuge in the back of his chair and in the small table to which he held on as if to a life-saver – the small table which still separated them from each other. Expecting to have him slap his face or spit in his eye, this man, who for years had been arbiter of his destiny, crumbled into mere nothingness, his trembling hands still clutching the table-cloth, his eyes unable to meet his and yet unable to keep away from his countenance.

The ex-prisoner looked at him for a long time, measuring this miserable caricature of a man against the symbol of terror which had cost him four years of his life. 'How times have changed,' he said, more to himself than to him, and turning away, he walked over to the other side of the room and beckoned a waitress to bring him some coffee. He hummed a melody which he had not remembered since before the days of his imprisonment, a melody which seemed to belong to a life which was no longer his. He glanced at the paper and thought that Barbara might like to see the new play which was opening that night. Then he looked at his watch. It was only 10.30. It seemed as good a time as any to go to the office and become acquainted with his new job.

URSULA WASSERMANN

Warsaw.

The Arts and Entertainment

They Don't Do It in the Bath

The Broken Date at the Dominion is a ballet about young men and women in sweat shirts making love, and jiving, and hanging about the park eyeing each other. The anxiety and the boredom, the romantic ideals and the obsession with sex are all of the Sagan world, though expressed in such simple terms that, for want of any original twist, they do not excite our imagination. Yet this is not a dull work, though it is long. It is the first full-length ballet, designed for youth by youth, on a contemporary theme. Part of the charm of *The Broken Date* is the bold unconcern with which these artists of the Ballets-Théâtre Français attack the hackneyed theme. It makes the old, wilting art of ballet seem a little alive again.

A boy has met a girl by the bandstand and fallen in love with her. They make a date at his house, but she does not come. Instead a number of friends arrive for an impromptu party, at which the most seductive young lady seduces our hero in the bathroom. I had great hopes that He would throw Her into the bath, jump in himself and disappear under a cloud of steam. But the story is never so disrespectful to its characters: it is essentially earnest and searching. The hero, now furious, turns the young lady and her friends out of the house, and in despair takes poison. At this moment the right girl turns up with her overnight bag, and after a passionate welcome the boy lies down on the sofa to die, while, unaware, the girl dances on in a euphonic daze.

The first night was unbalanced by the fact that the right boy, Vladimir Skouratoff, had strained a ligament. John Tarah got through manfully, but he was neither acting nor dancing quite as a hero should. The two girls overwhelmed him: Toni Lander (the loved one) with the pure, flowing lines of her dancing and the calm assurance of her emotion; Noelle Adam (the unloved one) with her slippery sexiness, sliding about his body as though she were a fish – a sweet little fish with pouting lips, glowing eyes and a mop of yellow hair.

The choreography is divided so that the first and last parts, the whimsical, soulful parts, come to Mr Taras, while the jiving and bathroom scenes are given to Don Lurio. These middle scenes are the best, being gay and naughty and full of that hot sweat of energy that drives young things into a frenzy of jitters. Especially fantastic is the dance of a rubber-boned neighbour (Stephen Preston). The bathroom *pas de deux* also has its own erotic, sordid kind of charm.

John Taras has to deal with problems such as Flame Spirits and Rose Spirits and flashbacks. These make up a stodgy opening; but the last section, with Toni Lander dancing beautifully, evokes a kind of hopelessness that, had the music helped, would have been extremely effective. Michel Magne's score is very much against Mr Taras. It has an unfortunately consistent weight and texture during all the romantic scenes, while for the party it cheers up and becomes frankly jazz, with some lovely orchestration and an undertone of genuine feeling. Bernard Buffet's scenery is lively and atmospheric. The mysterious, grey drawingroom, the expedient bathroom and the airy park are all conveyed in great black and white scratchy sketches. The realistic clothes, with their subtle colours are almost as good.

ANNABEL FARJEON

The Art of Emmer

EVERY day at 11 a.m. six short art films are being shown at the Academy cinema. The first, a Government film on *Looking at Sculpture* in the V. & A., is cultural Sunday School stuff – holy, prim and high. When one remembers that the same kind of mind that here dissertates about a medieval madonna, lectures there about the Nato 'shield' of nuclear weapons defending Western civilisation, one begins to understand why, when art becomes so closely identified with a ruling class ideology, rebels smash up the treasures. By contrast, however, the next three films, all directed by Luciano Emmer, remind one – in the most inspiring and simple way – how painting was once a people's art, as it has again become today in Mexico.

I recommend every reader to see these films, or to try to get their local film society to borrow them. The three films are on Giotto's frescoes at Padua, Fra Angelico, and Piero della Francesca. (There is a fourth film on Botticelli which is less good because such a tortured art as his requires a more complicated approach.) The films are unscripted and consist only of very apt music and sequences from the paintings themselves. Yet the selection, ordering and cutting of these sequences are so imaginatively responsive to the works that all the human narrative power they once held for their contemporaries is made to work again on us. One realises, for example, that Giotto's intentions were far nearer to Griffiths' or Eisenstein's than to those of any modern European painter – with the exception of Guttuso.

I recommend these films for their own sake:

THE SCOTSMAN

'I shall never read your paper again...'

We have always believed in extending to our readers the right, enjoyed by newspapers in this country, to form their own opinions. We print all the facts. We express our opinion – objectively. And our readers make up their own minds. They may not always agree with us, but there are surprisingly few of those letters which start "Sir, I shall never read your paper again . . ." Or maybe it is not so surprising. A paper such as THE SCOTSMAN with an objective attitude towards facts naturally attracts similar minds in its readers. People capable of seeing more than one side of a subject – who respect honesty and accuracy as much as they appreciate good writing. YOUR sort of people. Will you join them? It costs very little to enjoy this stimulating company.

3d. from your newsagent

they elucidate the work of the three artists more clearly and more movingly than any words can or have done. But I also recommend them because they contain, by implication, two object lessons. The first is about filming works of art. Films, because they can record movement and because they can be cut, have a unique advantage when dealing with paintings or sculpture: they can visually, immediately, connect the works to the life from which they are derived. They can demonstrate graphically the difference between a painted woman and a real one: a difference which is meaningful and poignant precisely because of what they have in common. Films which fail to exploit this advantage, and which merely take us for a journey into the 'world of art' are all finally unsatisfactory—as is the new Picasso film—or the sixth film at the Academy on Leonardo's drawings.

It is true that Emmer in his three films does not make any visual comparisons, but by conceiving them entirely in relation to the narratives they interpret—narratives which we already know—he nevertheless establishes the necessary connection. Because he shows us Giotto's 'Massacre of the Innocents' as an *incident*, and not as a masterpiece, we can connect it with Sakiet, and so realise that Giotto is still great because he is still relevant.

The second lesson is about the nature of any popular tradition in art. Such a tradition can only be based on the epic. Painting and sculpture are minority arts in Europe today, not because of Cézanne's 'difficult' discoveries, or Cubist 'obscurity', or Le Corbusier's 'austerity', but because the West has become incapable, in any of the arts, of creating common heroes.

JOHN BERGER

JEWS
and the
NATIONAL QUESTION
by
PROFESSOR HYMAN LEVY

THE AUTHOR, famous as a scientist and Marxist philosopher, provides a brilliant and controversial analysis of the position of the Jews in the Soviet Union and Israel.

A *Must* for Jew and non-Jew interested in Socialism and the Jewish Question.

HILLWAY PUBLISHING CO.,
5, Hillway, London, N.6.

96 pages 4/6d.

IF YOU ARE UNDER THIRTY
you could obtain a grant from the Rationalist Press Association enabling you to attend, free of cost, the 4-day Annual Conference on "Living with Reality" at Girton College, Cambridge, from Friday, August 8, to Tuesday, August 12. The grant would cover board, residence, admission to lectures, and any necessary travelling expenses up to £5. The first prize-winner will also receive a cash award of Ten Guineas. **All you have to do** is to write an essay of 1,500 to 2,000 words on

IS HUMANISM A WAY OF LIFE?

and submit it for approval by May 31. Full particulars from Essays Officer, R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, London, W.C.2.

A Couple of Cranks

THE Doctors are in perpetual attendance on the English Musical, diagnosing its illness or claiming to have found the one and only cure. I offer my own suggestion that it comes back always in the end to the story; and most musicals are an elaborate attempt to conceal a bad one. The attempt can take many different forms. Miss Wendy Toye, for instance, lately prescribed a strong dose of American vitality for the staging of *A Lady at the Wheel*, and a feeble and ill-conducted story hides behind the excellent dancing so successfully that the show has moved to the Westminster. Mr John Cranko in his one-man musical *Keep Your Hair On* at the Apollo also has a thoroughly bad story to tell and tries to pass it off behind his idiosyncratic style, his use of masks and mime.

It is sad that the attempt fails, for Mr Cranko is an original, and certainly succeeded in giving a shot in the arm to our native revue style. There are some inventive touches in *Keep Your Hair On*, but they come out as mere appliqué work stitched on to a dowdy piece of old-fashioned story-telling which not even Betty Marsden and Rachel Roberts could get across. And this story, ill-conducted at inordinate length, wearily lost the day. What Mr Cranko, in his lyrics and ensembles, aims at is a simplicity on the far side of sophistication. It is a tricky target; when not 'bang on', he seems simply silly. *Keep Your Hair On* too often seemed silly. Mr Addison's music might have been a success if anyone in the cast could have sung it.

At the Royal Court we are given the chance of seeing Mr Osborne's early play *Epitaph for George Dillon*, written in collaboration with Anthony Creighton. The collaborator did not succeed any better than Mr Oborne has later done in imposing a satisfactory shape. And it adds little if anything to what we already know about Mr Osborne's talent. The interest—for those who enjoy and admire that talent—is the interest we can always get from studying the early drafts of a writer who has since made his mark. George Dillon, a self-distrusting young playwright, is only an early variation on Jimmy Porter; in other words, we are listening to the now familiar Osborne voice bitterly ranting against a world that won't accept him (it will be fun to see what it has to say eventually about a world that all too readily does accept him). Mr Osborne's exciting line of raw rhetoric is already surprisingly well developed in this early foray, and it is sharpened with that extra edge of savagery which disappointed beneficiaries often turn against their benefactors.

Mrs Elliot is a forerunner of Phoebe Rice. She allows George Dillon to sponge on her, feeds him, keeps him, forgives him for seducing her daughter, and is rewarded by a vitriolic denunciation of her lower-class behaviour patterns, as if she were personally responsible for them. Miss Alison Leggatt gives a sympathy to poor sentimental Mrs Elliot which makes the play even nastier. Of course it is meant to be nasty and thoroughly succeeds. Mr Robert Stephens finds just the right over-nasal twang for his minor public school accent and just the right irritated deference for his sponging. Miss Yvonne Mitchell has one of those parts typical of Osborne's slap-dashery, an intrusive aunt; she is not a person but a tinder-box there to spark off George Dillon's diatribes. Miss Yvonne Mitchell can only obediently be the best tinder-box in the business and set off a real blaze. She is wholly unexplained and indeed, realistically speaking, inexplicable. But we are constantly in danger of forgetting that Mr Osborne's plays are the opposite of realistic because we have grown to think that lower and lower middle-class life can only be handled in that mode. But whatever it is that Mr Osborne is after, it is not naturalism—few details of his social observation are really accurate.

At the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, Miss Margaret Rawlings is giving *Phèdre* in English In-the-Round. Does that sound like something from *This England*? The event is in fact full of interest. Miss Rawlings and her gallant company put up a terrific fight against the dead poeticism of the translation. And they do carry the day—the company with performances adapted to the medium, she with her finely controlled passion. Performances are all next week. Then the company can be seen at the Theatre Centre, Birmingham, Vaughan College, Leicester, and the Library, Scarborough.

T. C. WORSLEY

Uttering the Words

HAS there ever been a great singer who did not declaim words vividly? Melba, perhaps—but not (according to all the old critics) Pasta, Malibran or Grisi: not (in our century) Alma Gluck, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, McCormack, Martinelli or Plançon: not, I dare say, anyone's *favourite* singer. There must always be a hint of deadness in the style of an artist who does not feel the force of words intensely. Think of some moment of exquisite vocal pleasure, some vivid phrase to be savoured in the memory. Tone-colour, phrasing and breath-control will have impressed themselves, and if the occasion was in the theatre, probably a gesture or an expression too. But also, you may be sure, the way in which the words were uttered.

Such thoughts suggested themselves during the Drury Lane *Trovatore* when I tried to decide why Stignani, despite her wonderfully smooth production of still splendid tone, musical phrasing and well-controlled acting, had never seemed to me to be among the great ones. The clue came during the duet of the prison scene, 'Ai nostri monti'. Stignani was singing beautifully: but suddenly I remembered how Schumann-Heink uttered the words 'Sul tuo liuto' when she recorded the duet with Caruso. The line, 'Thou shalt sing to thy lute', is conventional enough, but the tenderness with which Schumann-Heink lovingly shapes each syllable of the phrase, lingering over the vowel-changes, makes it infinitely poetic, conjures up the gipsy's pathetic vision in a way that Verdi's music alone, however well vocalised, can never do. Stignani, at this point, gave us best-quality sound, but her words were prosaic.

Covent Garden have found their most successful Duke of Mantua yet in Albert Lance, an Australian tenor from the Paris Opera—not only because he has a clean, keen tenor like the young Di Stefano's, a springy presence and an ambitious style, but also because he used words so tellingly. John Shaw, the Australian Rigoletto, reminded us on the other hand that words in themselves are not enough. He too declaimed well, but his tone was shallow, ill-adapted to cantabile. Joan Sutherland, the Gilda, must learn to master words if she is to fulfil her immense promise. She offered choice singing, flexible, intricate, with delicate portamento and finely moulded passages – as accomplished a Gilda, vocally, as we may hope to hear now. But if we looked in vain for the sweet and touching creature of Verdi's imagination, it was because she seemed too much intent on vocalisation. The words seemed to get in her way. We may sympathise with a soprano who has to substitute the impure vowels and consonantal closes of 'Carv'd upon my inmost heart' for the pure vowels and open or liquid endings of 'Caro nome che il mio cor', but English is not unsingable. Think of Clara Butt, McCormack, or of Plunket Greene, who sang *The Hurdy-Gurdy Man* as if Schubert had composed to the English text; think of Supervia and Elisabeth Schumann.

Malibran was famous throughout Europe for her delivery of the phrase 'Ah, m'abbraccia' in the final air of *La Sonnambula*. 'Let the painter, the sculptor, the poet come to see her, hear her, in this single phrase, and in Malibran they will discern the ideal for which artists strive', from the Milan *Eco*, was a typical comment. The effect was unabated in English. Bellini heard Malibran for the first time in Drury Lane, in 1833. He scarcely recognised his opera (translated by Bunn, adapted by Bishop) until Malibran appeared. But when she sang 'Ah, embrace me', then,

> forgetting that I was in an English theatre, I screamed out *Viva! Viva! Brava! Brava!* and began to clap my hands as loud as I could . . . my southern, indeed volcanic, transports set the blond sons of Albion asking one another who this bold fellow could be who showed so little restraint.

The *biondi figli d'Albione* in Drury Lane were less restrained the other night at the *Trovatore* already mentioned. Filippeschi, veteran trouper, after a clumsy 'Ah si, ben mio' drew breath, rose to his toes, and belted out a tremendous 'Di quella pira'. Long before his high C had run its course, the audience had joined in the uproar. Some shouted 'Bravo!', 'Boo!' cried others. The curtain fell, rose again (cheers and hisses), orchestra was retrieved, and we got our *bis*. It was audience-behaviour like that deplored by Bernard Shaw – 'the "Brava" nuisance in full swing' – when Calvé and De Lucia brought Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz* to London in 1892, fresh from its Roman première. *Friend Fritz*, not heard since those days, proved at Drury Lane a charming companion-piece to the noisier shows. It is slight, chaste, tender, and was prettily done by Alvinio Misciano (tenor of the Decca *Barber* recording), Nicoletta Panni, a likeable ingénue, and Paolo Pedani, the young character-baritone who has been the hero of the season so far. The celebrated Cherry Duet, which Shaw so brilliantly likened to an Academy picture, brings us back to the subject of words. 'Cherries! ripe already?' seems a pretty ordinary remark, and Signor Misciano made it sound quite ordinary. But as pronounced by Tito Schipa, in a famous record, 'Ciliege! e son di già mature?' is one of the most bewitching and captivating utterances imaginable.

It has been a remarkable time for opera: the diligent collector will have been able to bag 24 different works in February alone, three of them in alternative productions. I must find space to salute the enterprise of University College Music Society, who staged a spirited *Wildschütz;* of Peter Foster and his Revival Opera Company, whose belief in Halévy's *La Juive* was well-founded, for its music is pure and strong (they plan *Le Prophète* next); and of Leslie Head and the Kensington Symphony Orchestra and Choir, who unearthed a neatly written, melodious student mass by Puccini.

ANDREW PORTER

Les Belles Bacchantes

How came I to overlook it? *Femmes de Paris* (Cameo-Royal and Paris-Pullman) is the funniest, dizziest, most enticing film in London: intimate revue unimpeded. To step into it away from road-drills and crawling buses is to jump out of one's skin and cease for 80 minutes to be thoroughly British.

We see more of pretty girls than we are used to outside the South Seas; and the enchanting thing is that what is natural in a Paris theatre should come over here. English audiences are acclimatised to the female nude as a waxwork at the back of a stage to be regarded with awe and to the accompaniment of solemn music. *Femmes de Paris* – but let's call it by its Paris title, *Ah, les Belles Bacchantes!* – runs riot into this Puritanism and makes the gapers laugh before they know what they're doing. This, I should say, is a revolution in English taste. Of course only someone like Robert Dhery (yes, he of *La Plume de Ma Tante*) could have brought about this conversion. His crazy gang operate at a dress rehearsal for which some of the actors and most of the dresses haven't arrived; the dress parade is largely in hats; the plumber's wife does a strip-tease on the tight-rope; a caged panther gets loose; a police inspector clucks in noisy asides (*poulet* = cop); it rains on an opera-singer warbling a sunny pastoral; the director disappears through a trap-door, and the plumber, who has an insinuating way with a lady, is always asking whether they want No. 10 or No. 12 taps fitted. And all this, so far from having a pre-arranged briskness, seems to happen casually in and out of rehearsal; because we do see, and see through and behind, a whole stage performance. At moments helpless laughter – now so rare in a cinema – overwhelms us, as when in a corridor the inspector clucks and the master of ceremonies (who has been chewing a strange-looking biscuit) barks; there is a third person looking on, to whom the inspector turns with a shrug – 'Fantastic!' What does it matter that the Agfacolor is crude and the parades could be enlivened? Here are wit, lunacy, horse-play, daintiness, female looks, and a casual grip on audiences.

The other notable film, which perhaps I should have put first, also comes to the cinema from outside. This is *Victory at Sea* (Berkeley), a documentary of the last war, compressed from a much longer TV serial. Some jerkiness in narrative has resulted; sequences seem prolonged, and there are gaps; also a commentary that never misses the chance of a 'finest hour' or an 'appointment with destiny' combines with martial music to make the worst of the absence of sound-track. But what we look at is so (comparatively) fresh and shocking that these wrappings may be discounted. One can never forget the wounded planes coming home to crash or bounce off the aircraft carrier deck, or the initiation ceremony of Jap suicide pilots and their subsequent divings out of the sky, or the beach landings in the Pacific and in Normandy. New material has been made available especially for this film. It effectively takes the gloss out of war pictures – of which there are far too many – even if it hardly does justice to history: America comes first, Britain a long way second, and Russia nowhere.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

EXMOOR HUNT
MIXTURE
BROAD CUT
EXMOOR HUNT
BROAD CUT

You will appreciate the quality of this grand tobacco

Its rich, mellow flavour and pleasing aroma is the result of expert blending of carefully selected, high quality leaf. A truly genial tobacco—supplied in

BROAD OR MEDIUM CUT

EXMOOR HUNT

THE MIXTURE OF DISTINCTION

4/5 OUNCE PACKET
8/10 2 OZ. SNAP VAC. TIN

EX191

Sancta Clara, o.p.n.

Clare of Assisi, just nominated patron saint of television (including TV critics?), would not, I think, have cared much for either of our British channels last Sunday night. If she is keeping a special eye on religious programmes, she would hardly – though doubtless aware of all that has happened since the thirteenth century – have found adequate either the BBC anthology, strongly Welsh in flavour, of hymns about prayer or the ITV discussion of violence on the screen.

Of these two – moving as some of the Welsh choral singing was – I thought the latter the more promising, since those taking part in it included Miss Dilys Powell, the film critic, and one of the most intelligent of the younger film-directors, Mr Alexander Mackendrick. I, therefore, devoted to it the greater part of the concurrent 25 minutes. It was disappointing, largely because those taking part agreed in deploring violence 'for its own sake' but did not seem to know where to go from there. Mr Mackendrick was the most articulate in attempting to define a distinction between legitimate and illegitimate violence, and named one film that he thought 'rather nasty'; but an East-end Settlement warden, repeatedly urged by Mr Carl Foreman, the film-producer, to give similar specific instances, continued to generalise – so that, much as I disliked Mr Foreman's attitude of non-involvement ('. . . we're in the entertainment business; it isn't *our* job to shape human lives. . .'), I sympathised with his sense of grievance.

Later came our Sunday-night drama, both plays culminating in death, the channels still, maddeningly, overlapping (a metaphor that ought to be mixed but perhaps isn't). To many British viewers the Nordic gloom of H. C. Branner's *The Judge*, its Kierkegaardian overtones, its ploddingness relieved only by lightning-flashes of hysteria, must have been as repellent and incomprehensible as they would be to a medieval nun. Yet I thought that this play justified its inclusion in the BBC's *Television World Theatre* better than some of its predecessors. For one thing, we know little of the Danish theatre. Then the acting of the three leading players – Robert Harris, Petra Davies, and Denholm Elliott – was magnificent: they not only knew their lines thoroughly (rare enough in itself in live TV plays), they had mastered the obscure inwardness of the characters and the quadrilateral relation between the three we saw and the stricken father moaning and stick-thumping upstairs (a strange part for an actor, Sidney Monckton, to have to play).

One producer's trick which should not be played too often was the showing of Mr Elliott's face, at his tenser moments, in extreme, more-than-lifesize close-up; there was a glint in the pupils of his eyes which I could have sworn was the reflection of the camera-lens. Another device (possibly para-Freudian) which had me worried was the narrow spiral staircase up and down which the three children and/or nurse had to trot whenever dad had one of his turns: how, I wondered, was that importunate undertaker going to get the coffin down it?

I now watch the BBC's *What's My Line?* only because it is less tinny and strident than most of the variety show that coincides with it on the other channel. But, good as each member of its panel is, the thing-as-a-whole is beginning to pall: that is, it still holds the attention when one is watching it, but the prospect of watching it affords no pleasure, and the act of switching on to it is performed with leaden fingers. This is particularly so because they overdo so grossly the use of show-business people for the 'celebrity-spot' – the 'celebrity' always having to be paid for by a series of dreary plugs for his or her latest or forthcoming films or shows. Last Sunday there were two of these 'commercials' (one including a mention of a firm of furniture-makers) – and then, on Monday, it was really too much to look at *This Is Your Life* and find Eamonn Andrews again introducing Miss Anna Neagle, who had been seen with him in *What's My Line?* on Sunday. Miss Neagle has a devoted following among older movie-goers, but few people, surely, want to see her laughing and sobbing all over the TV screen night after night.

Unless St Clare had by this time withdrawn her patronage in despair (or as near to it as can be felt in her condition), she may have enjoyed almost as much as I did Lady Violet Bonham Carter *Speaking Personally* on the BBC late on Monday night. Lady Violet came through as a person far less formidable and prickly than she sometimes seems to be in real life – surprisingly gentle, indeed, almost wistful – and evoked unswitchoffably the *mœurs* of her girlhood: first, as a small child sleeping in her widowed father's bedroom, hearing the sound of the hansom-cab bringing him from the House at dawn, plying him with questions ('Did you speak? Did Mr Gladstone speak? What did the Irish do?'); then as a débutante 'encased like a banana' in a hobble-skirt, with no make-up but a furtive application to the cheeks of pink carbolic tooth-powder (which made her feel 'like a scarlet woman'), and with 'hats of a gargantuan size and ugliness, covered with dead birds'; but always, increasingly (and refreshingly now, at a time when politics are blown upon), aware that politics are of absorbing interest, and provide 'the greatest stage in life, the field on which the greatest battles are fought and the greatest prizes won'.

Tom Driberg

'Who has written
the brilliantly funny
book entitled
FELIX WALKING?'
NANCY SPAIN (DAILY EXPRESS)

'She ought to have
her typewriter and
thesaurus ceremoniously
torn from her by a
Society of Authors
Court of Honour.'
DIANA GILLON (REYNOLDS NEWS)

'Highly sophisticated
–splendid fun.'
KENNETH YOUNG (DAILY TELEGRAPH)

The author's pseudonym is
HILARY FORD, the price 13s 6d,
the publishers
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Correspondence

THE CASE AGAINST THE ETU

Sir, – The nearest approach to a reply from the Executive Council of the ETU to the questions raised in my article of 18 January is a letter from Mr J. Hendy, a member of that Executive, who wrote in his personal capacity.*

He does not deny the existence of the Communist Party Special Advisory Committee for the ETU (containing people who are not even members of the ETU, let alone officials), or that it meets once a month to give instructions to the Communist majority of the ETU Executive. He merely says it is the annual policy conference and not the Executive that controls the policy of the union. In his letter last week Mr Veall disposes of that naive suggestion – anyway, how *could* a body which meets once a year control the day-to-day policy of a union? That must always be in the hands of the Executive.

Mr Hendy say that the estimates of members entitled to vote in branches officially published by the Executive Council are meaningless. He cites the case of Dorking, which in September 1948 recorded 207 votes against the official estimate of 206 members entitled to vote. Mr Hendy really should co-ordinate his story better with other members of the Executive. Last year, in a pamphlet published by the ETU Executive Council, the Dorking entitlement to vote on the occasion in question was given as 242. Mr Hendy in his letter has now put it up to 268 – what will it be next year?

He also ignores the detailed figures I gave of 10 other branches which recorded votes in excess of the number of members entitled to vote in September 1948; nor does he deal with the curious voting in Liverpool in June 1957 which I described in detail, nor with any other of the numerous illustrations I gave of vote-rigging.

It has not been denied that if all the votes had been counted in the election in Division No. 9 for a seat on the Executive Council, Mr Cannon, the non-Communist, would have won by 35 votes. As the result of the disqualification of six branches that voted in favour of Cannon and, with reluctance, of only two which voted in favour of the Communist, the Communist candidate was declared elected. The Executive showed an unprecedented enthusiasm for exact accuracy in carrying out balloting procedure and in the maintenance of up-to-date records in the pro-Cannon branches. This is very odd. In the latest issues of the Executive Council minutes there is a note against the Tottenham branch which shows that, during the whole of 1957, no up-to-date figures were submitted by Tottenham, as required by the rules, of the number of their members entitled to vote. So throughout the whole of 1957 elections at the Tottenham branch took place (without disqualification) on incorrect records. But Tottenham is the branch to which Mr Frank Haxell, the General Secretary, belongs. It appears that it doesn't matter on what figures or records branches in the ETU vote, so long as the final result is satisfactory to the Executive.

And once that final result has been achieved it turns out that there can be no appeal against the decision of the Executive Council to accept it. The most serious development of all is that the many branches which have appealed against the Executive Council's decision (contained in Item 158 of Minute 11) to accept the national scrutineers' return in the elections in Division No. 9 are now to their amazement being informed by the Executive that there can be no appeal – and that the Executive Council's decision to regard the Communist candidate as properly elected is final. This although the Scrutineer's return contains not just a list of how branches voted but also the grounds for the disqualification of all eight disqualified branches. The acceptance of the return was formally moved and agreed upon in the Executive Council. It is only by a successful appeal against Item 158 of Minute 11 that a new election could be forced by the members on the Executive. It is unheard of for the Executive to prevent the appeals machinery functioning according to rule on such an important matter. The only redress members now seem to have is to appeal to the TUC to intervene.

And one last question the ETU Executive has never answered—since the conduct of the recent election in Division No. 9 is so strongly disputed, why not, as is possible within the rules, hold it again to show that everything is above board?

Woodrow Wyatt

[*We comment on this point below.—Ed., *NS*.]

Sir,—Your more discerning readers will have already observed that in attempting to correct me Mr Veall has in fact conceded my point, that the policy of the ETU is determined by its annual policy conference.

I append the following explanation for such of the weaker brethren as may not yet realise that in every form of society there exist what Dicey would have termed 'constitutional conventions'.

As its name implies, the annual policy conference is convened to consider and determine matters of policy submitted by the branches and/or by the Executive Council. The rules provide that any matter so determined 'shall be deemed to be a recommendation to the EC', and the EC has the right to accept or to reject such recommendations. Any EC decision to reject is, however, subject to the appeals machinery and may be appealed to the next annual conference or to a ballot vote.

Now, the delegates to a policy conference are representative of every branch in the union, and their decisions are arrived at by majority vote. The EC is therefore well aware that its failure to accept the directives of conference would almost certainly result in a successful appeal, save in the most exceptional circumstances. Having given its advice, the EC therefore displays its grasp of the obvious, and recognises what everyone present knows: that policy conference determines policy. QED.

I will add one last word. My union has prepared a statement of its case in answer to the charges made by Mr Woodrow Wyatt. The New Statesman has declined to give it space. I leave your readers to draw what conclusions they will.

J. Hendy

19 North Hyde Road
Hayes

[Our readers may be helped to draw a conclusion by the information that, apart from two letters from Mr Hendy, who is a member of the ETU Executive Council—though he wrote to us in his personal capacity—the ETU was offered space for a letter of 1,200 words in length, with any relevant table of figures in addition. The President of the ETU demanded nearly four times as much space; and, on being told that this was impracticable, he declined our offer and informed us that the union proposes to give its answer in a pamphlet.—Ed., *NS*.]

THE FAITH OF MR DULLES

Sir,—May I presume upon the hospitality of your correspondence column to indicate the reasons for my dissent from your editorial entitled 'The Lonely Mr Dulles'?

I have by no means always been in sympathy with the policies of our Secretary of State, nor have I felt that they have on every occasion been formulated in a manner best calculated to advance the cause of the western world. I fully understood, and to a considerable extent sympathised with, the feeling of dismay which swept the United Kingdom because of the attitude taken by our government throughout the Suez crisis. But your editorial does less than justice to the views expressed by Mr Dulles in his reply to Lord Russell and Mr Krushchev.

It is, I presume, true, as you state, that Mr Dulles 'has not in the slightest degree changed (his) basic appraisal of Soviet intentions.' Yet it would seem to me that in brief compass he has marshalled compelling arguments to justify clinging to this appraisal. I am satisfied that like every American he would welcome convincing evidence that the reassuring words of Mr Krushchev in his recent interview with *The Times* and the more amiable tone of the sheaf of Bulganin letters of the past few months meant something more than merely an adroit change of tactics.

But to take this on faith is asking too much, with the memory of the Hungarian tragedy still vividly in our minds, with so many indications of a new tightening of controls throughout the Communist-dominated world, and with the Soviet Union maintaining its intransigent attitude in regard to the reduction of armaments. And beyond all this, what must weigh heavily with us is the overriding fact that in respect to Germany and Eastern Europe, the Kremlin has in recent pronouncements set forth conditions for a relaxation of tension, which must be known to Moscow as totally unacceptable to the West—conditions which suggest that, regardless of tactics, there has not been the slightest change in the long-range strategic purposes of the Soviet Union.

These may be some of the reasons why Mr Dulles maintains a position which has led you to describe him 'as the one fixed point in a changing world', like Dr Watson. But there is something which goes beyond his attitude toward the Soviet Union in respect to which he is equally inflexible, and that is, the American Creed, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence. He reasserts our sense of fellowship 'with those of other lands who believe in the dignity of men and men's right to have governments not imposed upon them but chosen by them'. He reaffirms 'the steadfast determination of the United States . . . to work in a spirit of conciliation for peaceful solutions based on freedom and justice of the great problems facing the world today'.

These are principles eloquently restated by Mr Dulles, but which passed unnoticed in your editorial. They are principles with which I am sure you would not want Mr Dulles to compromise. They are principles for which, unless I am vastly mistaken, the English-speaking world stands as one.

Frank Altschul

Overbrook Farm
Stamford, Conn.

JEWS IN THE USSR

Sir,—Mr Sloan's figures of the population of Jewish scientists in the Soviet Union are misleading when applied to the general situation of Soviet Jewry. As almost everyone knows, scientists are an exceptionally privileged group in the USSR and Jews tend to be good scientists wherever they live. Mr. Sloan would also find a high proportion of Jews in the arts, possibly in medicine, and certainly in the haberdashery departments of the GUM departmental store in Moscow.

But what has happened to the Jews in the upper levels of the party, administration and the diplomatic service, where at one time they were so prominent? In many cases the answer is known: they were 'purged'. The present Soviet leadership, however, appears unwilling to replace them and both Mr Krushchev and Mme Furtseva have gone on record with statements to the effect that Jews can no longer be allowed to occupy responsible positions in the USSR in excess of their proportionate number among the rest of their population. In many spheres of public life, particularly those which impinge on politics and national security, this principle is being stringently interpreted, sometimes to the total exclusion of Jews. That is why 'Paragraph Five' (the section of a Soviet citizen's passport in which his nationality is recorded) is regarded by Jews as having an adverse effect upon their prospects of employment.

Mr Sloan cannot be unaware that, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to verify discrimination in education from official Soviet sources, but to pretend it does not exist because it is not statistically attested is disingenuous. It is known, for example, that Jews are not admitted to diplomatic training schools, that there is a *numerus clausus* imposed on them in the distribution of scholarships: and there is a report by a disaffected Soviet diplomat, Igor Gouzenko, that in 1939 a confidential decree of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party was sent to directors of educational institutes throughout the Soviet Union establishing a secret quota of admission for Jews. The reliability of Gouzenko's testimony may be questionable, but it is partly, at least, corroborated by other, more independent, witnesses, including Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* and Edmund Stevens of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

There is, however, one form of educational discrimination that even Mr Sloan cannot deny, that is the discrimination against Yiddish schools. Until about 1938, some 800 Yiddish primary and secondary schools existed in White Russia and the Ukraine alone. Today there is not a single Yiddish school in the entire Soviet Union.

Emanuel Litvinoff

World Jewish Congress
55 New Cavendish Street, W1

EDGAR WALLACE AT BLACKPOOL

Sir,—To support the doubtful proposition that personal popularity in other spheres does not tend to electoral success, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge produces some very peculiar evidence. While he remains in the field of pure speculation (as about the possible effect of their television popularity on the electoral chances of Mr Michael Foot or Sir Robert Boothby), what Mr Muggeridge thinks is simply—what Mr Muggeridge thinks. When he gets down to facts, however, it is possible to start talking—and we could talk better if we started with the facts straight.

Mr Muggeridge tells us that Mr Edgar Wallace arrived in Blackpool in a white Rolls-Royce to fight a by-election: that his personal popularity was much greater than that of the other two candidates, but that nevertheless he was bottom of the poll and forfeited his deposit. With all respect, sir,

(1) Wallace fought Blackpool, not at a by-election, but at the 'landslide' General Election of 1931—as an anti-National Government candidate.

(2) There were not two other candidates. It was a straight fight against a National Conservative.

JONATHAN CAPE

The book that has already become a byword—

The Organization Man

'A subject of discussion which we shall be hearing with increasing concern for many years to come . . . a book of first rate importance.' DIRECTOR

'A really important book, beautifully clear and pungent.' NEW SCIENTIST

'First-rate' NEW STATESMAN

'A classic' GLASGOW HERALD

'Splendid' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

430 pp. 28s net

WILLIAM H. WHYTE

Sancta Clara, o.p.n.

Clare of Assisi, just nominated patron saint of television (including TV critics?), would not, I think, have cared much for either of our British channels last Sunday night. If she is keeping a special eye on religious programmes, she would hardly – though doubtless aware of all that has happened since the thirteenth century – have found adequate either the BBC anthology, strongly Welsh in flavour, of hymns about prayer or the ITV discussion of violence on the screen.

Of these two – moving as some of the Welsh choral singing was – I thought the latter the more promising, since those taking part in it included Miss Dilys Powell, the film critic, and one of the most intelligent of the younger film-directors, Mr Alexander Mackendrick. I, therefore, devoted to it the greater part of the concurrent 25 minutes. It was disappointing, largely because those taking part agreed in deploring violence 'for its own sake' but did not seem to know where to go from there. Mr Mackendrick was the most articulate in attempting to define a distinction between legitimate and illegitimate violence, and named one film that he thought 'rather nasty'; but an East-end Settlement warden, repeatedly urged by Mr Carl Foreman, the film-producer, to give similar specific instances, continued to generalise – so that, much as I disliked Mr Foreman's attitude of non-involvement ('. . . we're in the entertainment business; it isn't *our* job to shape human lives. . .'), I sympathised with his sense of grievance.

Later came our Sunday-night drama, both plays culminating in death, the channels still, maddeningly, overlapping (a metaphor that ought to be mixed but perhaps isn't). To many British viewers the Nordic gloom of H. C. Branner's *The Judge*, its Kierkegaardian overtones, its ploddingness relieved only by lightning-flashes of hysteria, must have been as repellent and incomprehensible as they would be to a medieval nun. Yet I thought that this play justified its inclusion in the BBC's *Television World Theatre* better than some of its predecessors. For one thing, we know little of the Danish theatre. Then the acting of the three leading players – Robert Harris, Petra Davies, and Denholm Elliott – was magnificent: they not only knew their lines thoroughly (rare enough in itself in live TV plays), they had mastered the obscure inwardness of the characters and the quadrilateral relation between the three we saw and the stricken father moaning and stick-thumping upstairs (a strange part for an actor, Sidney Monckton, to have to play).

One producer's trick which should not be played too often was the showing of Mr Elliott's face, at his tenser moments, in extreme, more-than-lifesize close-up; there was a glint in the pupils of his eyes which I could have sworn was the reflection of the camera-lens. Another device (possibly para-Freudian) which had me worried was the narrow spiral staircase up and down which the three children and/or nurse had to trot whenever dad had one of his turns: how, I wondered, was that importunate undertaker going to get the coffin down it?

I now watch the BBC's *What's My Line?* only because it is less tinny and strident than most of the variety show that coincides with it on the other channel. But, good as each member of its panel is, the thing-as-a-whole is beginning to pall: that is, it still holds the attention when one is watching it, but the prospect of watching it affords no pleasure, and the act of switching on to it is performed with leaden fingers. This is particularly so because they overdo so grossly the use of show-business people for the 'celebrity-spot' – the 'celebrity' always having to be paid for by a series of dreary plugs for his or her latest or forthcoming films or shows. Last Sunday there were two of these 'commercials' (one including a mention of a firm of furniture-makers) – and then, on Monday, it was really too much to look at *This Is Your Life* and find Eamonn Andrews again introducing Miss Anna Neagle, who had been seen with him in *What's My Line?* on Sunday. Miss Neagle has a devoted following among older movie-goers, but few people, surely, want to see her laughing and sobbing all over the TV screen night after night.

Unless St Clare had by this time withdrawn her patronage in despair (or as near to it as can be felt in her condition), she may have enjoyed almost as much as I did Lady Violet Bonham Carter *Speaking Personally* on the BBC late on Monday night. Lady Violet came through as a person far less formidable and prickly than she sometimes seems to be in real life – surprisingly gentle, indeed, almost wistful – and evoked unswitchoffably the *mœurs* of her girlhood: first, as a small child sleeping in her widowed father's bedroom, hearing the sound of the hansom-cab bringing him from the House at dawn, plying him with questions ('Did you speak? Did Mr Gladstone speak? What did the Irish do?'); then as a débutante 'encased like a banana' in a hobble-skirt, with no make-up but a furtive application to the cheeks of pink carbolic tooth-powder (which made her feel 'like a scarlet woman'), and with 'hats of a gargantuan size and ugliness, covered with dead birds'; but always, increasingly (and refreshingly now, at a time when politics are blown upon), aware that politics are of absorbing interest, and provide 'the greatest stage in life, the field on which the greatest battles are fought and the greatest prizes won'.

Tom Driberg

'Who has written the brilliantly funny book entitled FELIX WALKING?'
NANCY SPAIN (DAILY EXPRESS)

'She ought to have her typewriter and thesaurus ceremoniously torn from her by a Society of Authors Court of Honour.'
DIANA GILLON (REYNOLDS NEWS)

'Highly sophisticated —splendid fun.'
KENNETH YOUNG (DAILY TELEGRAPH)

The author's pseudonym is HILARY FORD, the price 13s 6d, the publishers EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Correspondence

THE CASE AGAINST THE ETU

Sir, – The nearest approach to a reply from the Executive Council of the ETU to the questions raised in my article of 18 January is a letter from Mr J. Hendy, a member of that Executive, who wrote in his personal capacity.*

He does not deny the existence of the Communist Party Special Advisory Committee for the ETU (containing people who are not even members of the ETU, let alone officials), or that it meets once a month to give instructions to the Communist majority of the ETU Executive. He merely says it is the annual policy conference and not the Executive that controls the policy of the union. In his letter last week Mr Veall disposes of that naive suggestion – anyway, how *could* a body which meets once a year control the day-to-day policy of a union? That must always be in the hands of the Executive.

Mr Hendy say that the estimates of members entitled to vote in branches officially published by the Executive Council are meaningless. He cites the case of Dorking, which in September 1948 recorded 207 votes against the official estimate of 206 members entitled to vote. Mr Hendy really should co-ordinate his story better with other members of the Executive. Last year, in a pamphlet published by the ETU Executive Council, the Dorking entitlement to vote on the occasion in question was given as 242. Mr Hendy in his letter has now put it up to 268 – what will it be next year?

He also ignores the detailed figures I gave of 10 other branches which recorded votes in excess of the number of members entitled to vote in September 1948; nor does he deal with the curious voting in Liverpool in June 1957 which I described in detail, nor with any other of the numerous illustrations I gave of vote-rigging.

It has not been denied that if all the votes had been counted in the election in Division No. 9 for a seat on the Executive Council, Mr Cannon, the non-Communist, would have won by 35 votes. As the result of the disqualification of six branches that voted in favour of Cannon and, with reluctance, of only two which voted in favour of the Communist, the Communist candidate was declared elected. The Executive showed an unprecedented enthusiasm for exact accuracy in carrying out balloting procedure and in the maintenance of up-to-date records in the pro-Cannon branches. This is very odd. In the latest issues of the Executive Council minutes there is a note against the Tottenham branch which shows that, during the whole of 1957, no up-to-date figures were submitted by Tottenham, as required by the rules, of the number of their members entitled to vote. So throughout the whole of 1957 elections at the Tottenham branch took place (without disqualification) on incorrect records. But Tottenham is the branch to which Mr Frank Haxell, the General Secretary, belongs. It appears that it doesn't matter on what figures or records branches in the ETU vote, so long as the final result is satisfactory to the Executive.

And once that final result has been achieved it turns out that there can be no appeal against the decision of the Executive Council to accept it. The most serious development of all is that the many branches which have appealed against the Executive Council's decision (contained in Item 158 of Minute 11) to accept the national scrutineers' return in the elections in Division No. 9 are now to their amazement being informed by the Executive that there can be no appeal – and that the Executive Council's decision to regard the Communist candidate as properly elected is final. This although the Scrutineer's return contains not just a list of how branches voted but also the grounds for the disqualification of all eight disqualified branches. The acceptance of the return was formally moved and agreed upon in the Executive Council. It is only by a successful appeal against Item 158 of Minute 11 that a new election could be forced by the members on the Executive. It is unheard of for the Executive to prevent the appeals machinery functioning according to rule on such an important matter. The only redress members now seem to have is to appeal to the TUC to intervene.

And one last question the ETU Executive has never answered—since the conduct of the recent election in Division No. 9 is so strongly disputed, why not, as is possible within the rules, hold it again to show that everything is above board?

Woodrow Wyatt

[*We comment on this point below.—Ed., *NS*.]

Sir,—Your more discerning readers will have already observed that in attempting to correct me Mr Veall has in fact conceded my point, that the policy of the ETU is determined by its annual policy conference.

I append the following explanation for such of the weaker brethren as may not yet realise that in every form of society there exist what Dicey would have termed 'constitutional conventions'.

As its name implies, the annual policy conference is convened to consider and determine matters of policy submitted by the branches and/or by the Executive Council. The rules provide that any matter so determined 'shall be deemed to be a recommendation to the EC', and the EC has the right to accept or to reject such recommendations. Any EC decision to reject is, however, subject to the appeals machinery and may be appealed to the next annual conference or to a ballot vote.

Now, the delegates to a policy conference are representative of every branch in the union, and their decisions are arrived at by majority vote. The EC is therefore well aware that its failure to accept the directives of conference would almost certainly result in a successful appeal, save in the most exceptional circumstances. Having given its advice, the EC therefore displays its grasp of the obvious, and recognises what everyone present knows: that policy conference determines policy. QED.

I will add one last word. My union has prepared a statement of its case in answer to the charges made by Mr Woodrow Wyatt. The New Statesman has declined to give it space. I leave your readers to draw what conclusions they will.

J. Hendy

19 North Hyde Road
Hayes

[Our readers may be helped to draw a conclusion by the information that, apart from two letters from Mr Hendy, who is a member of the ETU Executive Council—though he wrote to us in his personal capacity—the ETU was offered space for a letter of 1,200 words in length, with any relevant table of figures in addition. The President of the ETU demanded nearly four times as much space; and, on being told that this was impracticable, he declined our offer and informed us that the union proposes to give its answer in a pamphlet.—Ed., *NS*.]

THE FAITH OF MR DULLES

Sir,—May I presume upon the hospitality of your correspondence column to indicate the reasons for my dissent from your editorial entitled 'The Lonely Mr Dulles'?

I have by no means always been in sympathy with the policies of our Secretary of State, nor have I felt that they have on every occasion been formulated in a manner best calculated to advance the cause of the western world. I fully understood, and to a considerable extent sympathised with, the feeling of dismay which swept the United Kingdom because of the attitude taken by our government throughout the Suez crisis. But your editorial does less than justice to the views expressed by Mr Dulles in his reply to Lord Russell and Mr Krushchev.

It is, I presume, true, as you state, that Mr Dulles 'has not in the slightest degree changed (his) basic appraisal of Soviet intentions.' Yet it would seem to me that in brief compass he has marshalled compelling arguments to justify clinging to this appraisal. I am satisfied that like every American he would welcome convincing evidence that the reassuring words of Mr Krushchev in his recent interview with *The Times* and the more amiable tone of the sheaf of Bulganin letters of the past few months meant something more than merely an adroit change of tactics.

But to take this on faith is asking too much, with the memory of the Hungarian tragedy still vividly in our minds, with so many indications of a new tightening of controls throughout the Communist-dominated world, and with the Soviet Union maintaining its intransigent attitude in regard to the reduction of armaments. And beyond all this, what must weigh heavily with us is the overriding fact that in respect to Germany and Eastern Europe, the Kremlin has in recent pronouncements set forth conditions for a relaxation of tension, which must be known to Moscow as totally unacceptable to the West—conditions which suggest that, regardless of tactics, there has not been the slightest change in the long-range strategic purposes of the Soviet Union.

These may be some of the reasons why Mr Dulles maintains a position which has led you to describe him 'as the one fixed point in a changing world', like Dr Watson. But there is something which goes beyond his attitude toward the Soviet Union in respect to which he is equally inflexible, and that is, the American Creed, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence. He reasserts our sense of fellowship 'with those of other lands who believe in the dignity of men and men's right to have governments not imposed upon them but chosen by them'. He reaffirms 'the steadfast determination of the United States . . . to work in a spirit of conciliation for peaceful solutions based on freedom and justice of the great problems facing the world today'.

These are principles eloquently restated by Mr Dulles, but which passed unnoticed in your editorial. They are principles with which I am sure you would not want Mr Dulles to compromise. They are principles for which, unless I am vastly mistaken, the English-speaking world stands as one.

Frank Altschul

Overbrook Farm
Stamford, Conn.

JEWS IN THE USSR

Sir,—Mr Sloan's figures of the population of Jewish scientists in the Soviet Union are misleading when applied to the general situation of Soviet Jewry. As almost everyone knows, scientists are an exceptionally privileged group in the USSR and Jews tend to be good scientists wherever they live. Mr. Sloan would also find a high proportion of Jews in the arts, possibly in medicine, and certainly in the haberdashery departments of the GUM departmental store in Moscow.

But what has happened to the Jews in the upper levels of the party, administration and the diplomatic service, where at one time they were so prominent? In many cases the answer is known: they were 'purged'. The present Soviet leadership, however, appears unwilling to replace them and both Mr Krushchev and Mme Furtseva have gone on record with statements to the effect that Jews can no longer be allowed to occupy responsible positions in the USSR in excess of their proportionate number among the rest of their population. In many spheres of public life, particularly those which impinge on politics and national security, this principle is being stringently interpreted, sometimes to the total exclusion of Jews. That is why 'Paragraph Five' (the section of a Soviet citizen's passport in which his nationality is recorded) is regarded by Jews as having an adverse effect upon their prospects of employment.

Mr Sloan cannot be unaware that, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to verify discrimination in education from official Soviet sources, but to pretend it does not exist because it is not statistically attested is disingenuous. It is known, for example, that Jews are not admitted to diplomatic training schools, that there is a *numerus clausus* imposed on them in the distribution of scholarships: and there is a report by a disaffected Soviet diplomat, Igor Gouzenko, that in 1939 a confidential decree of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party was sent to directors of educational institutes throughout the Soviet Union establishing a secret quota of admission for Jews. The reliability of Gouzenko's testimony may be questionable, but it is partly, at least, corroborated by other, more independent, witnesses, including Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* and Edmund Stevens of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

There is, however, one form of educational discrimination that even Mr Sloan cannot deny, that is the discrimination against Yiddish schools. Until about 1938, some 800 Yiddish primary and secondary schools existed in White Russia and the Ukraine alone. Today there is not a single Yiddish school in the entire Soviet Union.

Emanuel Litvinoff

World Jewish Congress
55 New Cavendish Street, W1

EDGAR WALLACE AT BLACKPOOL

Sir,—To support the doubtful proposition that personal popularity in other spheres does not tend to electoral success, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge produces some very peculiar evidence. While he remains in the field of pure speculation (as about the possible effect of their television popularity on the electoral chances of Mr Michael Foot or Sir Robert Boothby), what Mr Muggeridge thinks is simply—what Mr Muggeridge thinks. When he gets down to facts, however, it is possible to start talking—and we could talk better if we started with the facts straight.

Mr Muggeridge tells us that Mr Edgar Wallace arrived in Blackpool in a white Rolls-Royce to fight a by-election: that his personal popularity was much greater than that of the other two candidates, but that nevertheless he was bottom of the poll and forfeited his deposit. With all respect, sir,

(1) Wallace fought Blackpool, not at a by-election, but at the 'landslide' General Election of 1931—as an anti-National Government candidate.

(2) There were not two other candidates. It was a straight fight against a National Conservative.

JONATHAN CAPE

The book that has already become a byword—

The Organization Man

'A subject of discussion which we shall be hearing with increasing concern for many years to come . . . a book of first rate importance.' DIRECTOR

'A really important book, beautifully clear and pungent.' NEW SCIENTIST

'First-rate' NEW STATESMAN

'A classic' GLASGOW HERALD

'Splendid' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

430 pp. 28s net

WILLIAM H. WHYTE

HARWICH
HOOK OF
HOLLAND

for
Holland
Denmark
Sweden
Germany
Austria
Switzerland
Italy

REGULAR, RELIABLE AND RESTFUL
SERVICE BY NIGHT OR DAY

Most tickets are inter-available by either Service
* Full details from British Railways Stations and Travel Agents
BRITISH RAILWAYS · ZEELAND S.S. CO.

The Best Holidays
in YUGOSLAVIA

STILL A FEW VACANCIES
ON THESE POPULAR TOURS

No. 37 Holiday at Lovran on the shores of the clear blue Adriatic. 14 days inclusive. £26.15
No. 21 A superb tour by air, coach and steamer visiting some of Yugoslavia's most famed resorts. 15 days inclusive. £59.10

YUGOTOURS

For details apply to your local Travel Agent or to:—
ANGLO-YUGOSLAV TRAVEL SERVICE
(DEPT. N.S.) 149, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: REGent 3432

Pre-selected Company

When you book with the Pathfinder holiday fellowship, you "pre-select" the type of person with whom you will travel; our membership comprises interesting people from all walks of life (many from the professions) and some parties are for specific age-groups. We have house-parties in **Edinburgh, Pitlochry, Ambleside, Bangor, Shanklin, Devon, County Down, Hampshire** and **London** (from 4 gns.). Tours to every popular country, including:—

8 days Holland, 15½ gns. 9 days Paris (international centre), 17 gns. One week Salzburg, one week Tyrol (16 days) 21½ gns. Week Salzburg, week Venice (15 days), 39 gns. Dolomites/Venice, 39 gns. 15 days Copenhagen, 23 gns. 13 days Varenna, 36 gns. Grand tour Italy, 48½ gns. 11 days Rome, 31 gns. 14 days Andalusia, air, 55 gns. *Few Easter vacancies Paris, Rome, Holland, Devon house-party.*

PATHFINDER House-Parties & Tours
201 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

NEW WRITERS are wanted, but they don't grow on trees. And they are not ready made.

Expert writers who are also teachers of experience are on the staff of the famous London School of Journalism, founded in 1919 under Lord Northcliffe. The LSJ Courses, always abreast of modern developments and trends, are given by correspondence to writers all over the world. The coaching is adapted to the interests and objects of each individual and no time limit is fixed. The courses are in Journalism, Story Writing, Free Lance Journalism, Television Plays, Radio Plays, Literature, History, Poetry and Writing for Children.

The new edition of Writing for the Press is now available free on request to:—

PROSPECTUS OFFICE,
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
19 Hertford Street, Park Lane,
London, W.1. GRO. 8250

WAI-WAI

'His journey into the forests of Amazonia was alarming' (Observer)

'Splendid enthusiasm' (Times)

'Absorbing' (Evening Standard)

NICHOLAS GUPPY

Recommended by the Book Society

Illustrated.
28s. net.

BYRON
A BIOGRAPHY
Leslie A. Marchand
'A portrait far more richly detailed than any we have yet had.' Peter Quennell in the Nation.
3 volumes. 55 Illustrations.
£7. 7s. net the set.
JOHN MURRAY

(3) The only sense in which he was 'bottom of the poll' is that he was the defeated candidate.

(4) He did not forfeit his deposit.

What his chances would have been in that Conservative backwater at any other time I do not know. In the panic conditions of 1931 they were hopeless. But nobody connected with the election doubted his personal vote-catching value. A local Liberal leader, who played a big part in managing Wallace's campaign, told me later: 'The Conservative agent and I both knew that if they had had our candidate and we had had theirs the Liberals would not have polled 500 votes'. In the event Wallace, even in these conditions, polled several thousand. Not because his supporters disliked Ramsay Mac., or did not care about Saving the Pound. Simply because he was Edgar Wallace. It's an unpalatable truth. I don't like it either. But we must not dodge it by selecting special cases and then misstating the facts about them.

Incidentally, the Rolls-Royce was not white. It was a singularly bilious yellow. In fairness to Mr Muggeridge's accuracy, however, we must agree that the election did take place at Blackpool and the candidate's name was Edgar Wallace. On these points, at least, he is right.

ERIC S. ASHTON

297 Clifton Drive South
St. Annes-on-Sea

THE MEDDLESOME FRIAR

SIR,—While I hope I should be the last person to complain of a reviewer's opinions of the value of one's work, I am mystified by the trend of Mr Paul Johnson's review of 'The Meddlesome Friar.' This book presents two portraits. The first is of an outstanding Pope whose private life was shocking; the second is of a saint who openly rebelled against ecclesiastical authority. As a writer I may or may not be wrong in my historical assessment of Alexander VI and Savonarola, but it is odd that I should be accused of whitewashing great figures of Church history, it seems, just because I happen to be a Catholic editor. For, in fact, I present, as I point out in the book, two remarkable personalities, neither of whom could conceivably fit into what Mr. Johnson doubtless thinks of as the *bien pensant*, not to say smug, Church of today. If I were what Mr Johnson thinks me to be, the type of Catholic apologist whom Leo XIII brushed aside as *piccole teste*, I would surely have avoided writing on this subject altogether. In default of sufficient historical evidence to enable anyone to dogmatise about either character, I sought to make them credible persons within a period of history which made them possible. It was as a writer who is a Catholic—I would not presume to the title 'historian' in any academic sense—not as a Catholic apologist, in Mr. Johnson's meaning of the term, that I approached the problems which they raise.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE

12 Edge Hill, SW19

CHANNEL TUNNEL

SIR,—In his review of *The Channel Tunnel*, by Humphrey Slater and myself, Alan Taylor says that a preliminary pilot tunnel must be driven to establish whether a Channel tunnel is geologically possible. I do not know whether this is his own opinion or intended to be a representation of that of the authors. But it is in fact the very opposite of the point Humphrey Slater and I were at pains to make: to wit, that according to advanced engineering opinion, a preliminary pilot tunnel can now be dispensed with in favour of echo-sounding methods developed by the oil companies. This would reduce the cost of establishing the tunnel's practability from about £8 million to about £300,000; and is thus the most exciting thing about the tunnel's present prospects.

CORRELLI BARNETT

Cavendish Road
Weybridge, Surrey

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Nature's Tourist

I FORESEE an error in my obituary. Under education, the correct entry is: 'Educated Thomas Cooks, American Express, Wayfarers, etc., etc'. Europe has been my Redbrick. I am one of those who, incurably, like it 'there'. I am nature's tourist, dreading to be shut up in this island – though less so now it swarms with foreigners – the man who thinks he knows the language, who puzzles his way through the literature, who martyrises his stomach in the interest of polyglot meetings, who kids himself that he is off the beaten track, who is sick with guilt about the places he skimped. I suffer from the island malady: the desire to be a European and the chauvinistic dread of it; in practice, preferring Continental beer. I have the theory that if the English do not become Europeans very quickly, they are in danger of becoming the freaks of Europe for Americans – droll and endearing fellows with a regionalist movement and famous, like Basques, for their umbrellas.

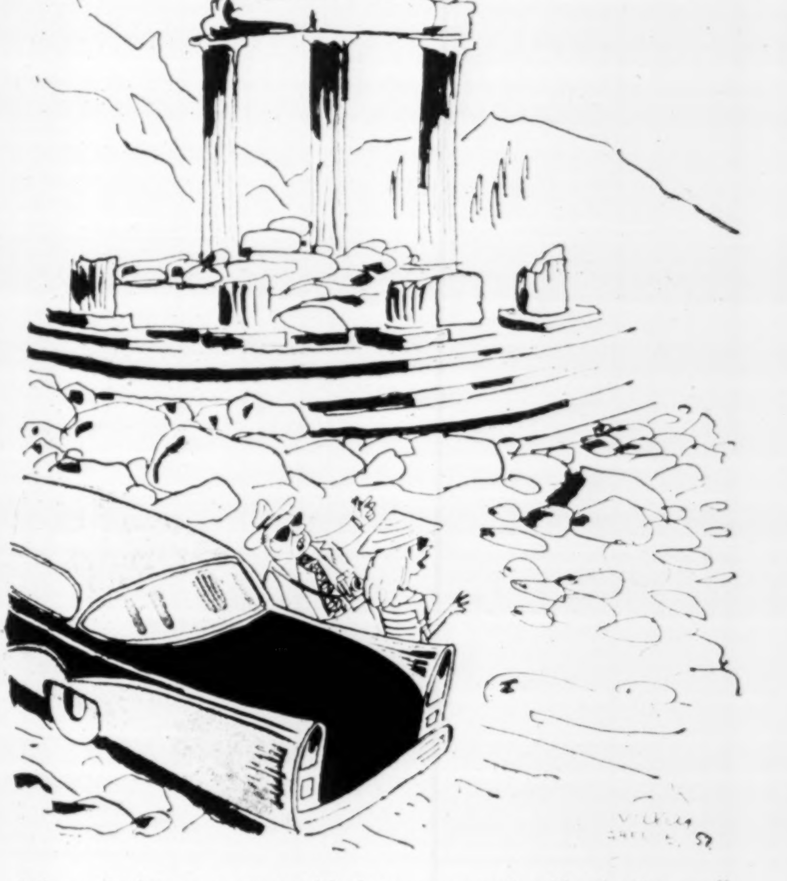
I don't like the word 'abroad' because I do not like inverted commas – there is a good deal too much inverted comma life going on in this uneasy country now – but the attack on foreign travel seems to me snobbish. This is an age of mass travel, in Europe and America. Where Byron, Browning, Arthur Clough and Ruskin trod, where Leigh Hunt dragged his dreadful wife and whining children, where Borrow or Ford rode alone, the charabancs now unload their tens of thousands from the Lancashire mills and the factories of Coventry. I do not see why the most crowded people in Europe, who suffer the greyest climate, should be thought either boors or dilettanti because they crave for sunshine and seek relief from the large cities. Useless to say their minds are narrowed, their ideas garbled, their stomachs upset and that they annoy the inhabitants; the mass traveller is a being who, for once in his life, has exposed his senses. He has, in a romantic way, risked. He has recovered the habit of the medieval pilgrimages – things like Chaucer's coach party to Canterbury – which seem to us less vulgar because they are remote. A villager I know lately went to Turkey and, in the course of ordinary lower middle-class caution and bonhomie found himself invited to a family circumcision party there. 'I felt awkward', he said. So dawns experience. He had never had the chance of feeling awkward 'here'. There are men who would never have seen the inside of a gaol if they had not gone on the day trip to Boulogne. It was the point whose higher implications were perceived by the practical Mr Maugham.

What do writers get out of travel? That depends on temperament. But the historian of vulgar England will miss part of his subject if he has contempt for the tourist. 'We are tourists', we hear the Americans announcing without apology, and a thousand cameras click. The English roving herd also has its pride. The French, the Dutch, the Scandinavians, the Germans feel the same. The tourists recognise they are a nation in themselves, fluid but re-forming continually. Countries living under dictatorships, like Portugal and Spain, fear these hordes. They bring their politics with them. The sheep-faces in the motor coach are not foolish. The writer may wish to avoid this swarm; a mistake, as E. M. Forster has shown us. Even the swarm want a room with a view. Tourism has its Forsterian crises. He and the poet Clough are its two masters.

Novelists have often made a conscientious mess of the foreign subject. The French chapters in Dickens are leaden. The only good foreign scenes are American. *Romola* suggests Italy was bad for George Eliot, though, oddly, it was good for Ouida. Meredith illustrates the self-inflationary danger in foreign travel, but the advantages of a foreign education. Germany over-gorged his taste for the grotesque and led him to believe that experience was subtler than it is 'here' and reverberated with finer overtones. People were, wittier, sadder and at once worldlier and more distinguished. But Germany gave him his unique and outside view of England as a whole. The difficulty for the Victorian novelist was the century's earnest respect for the catalogue of culture, and his foreigners were either light comedians or statues with mobile eyebrows.

Not hot passion, but the cash of small transactions is the passion of the Mediterranean. We get better portrait pictures and portraits when D. H. Lawrence crossed the Alps into Italy, went to Sardinia and on to Amsterdam and Mexico, and took each country by the throat.

With Lawrence begins the period of forcibly understanding the foreigner against his will which was indeed a general European impulse. Gide, de Montherlant, Hemingway felt it – even Graham Greene on Mexico when (rather in Lawrence's manner) he sought intimacy through disgust. But Orwell, Greene and all who have written in the manner of reporters are not really



Why can't dese guys get on with their reconstruction like the Germans?

forcible interpreters like Lawrence. In Lawrence, a sense of the irreconcilable differences in human nature is fundamental; whereas the reporters and political economists are all levellers. All peasants are like all peasants, the *petit bourgeois* is the same in London, Paris and Rome and Barcelona. None has the romantic secret of the inviolate life or the obdurate god. Sin, the history of production, or situation level all. This is all nonsense or, rather, it is a half-truth. The writer who is infected with the craving to understand must lose his identity.

What the writer gets from travel is a re-education: learning history the other way up, for example. It is an education which will fill in the back of his mind. He automatically has new pleasure in the eye. Almost anywhere in Europe life is lived more publicly and obviously than in England and one learns more quickly about the passions. It is good for us to be free of our genius for the public face. Not being involved, one can see. In the criminal court in Naples or the Tribunal in Paris there is nothing to overawe; you are in the melée with prisoner, judge and witnesses. Let us not forget how much of life is a haggle. In Bilbao on Sunday night, I have seen that almost simultaneous parting of all lovers in all doorways at the fixed hour, so that one could become a connoisseur of human farewells. The word 'bourgeois' has no visual reality until one has seen him in Luxembourg or Zurich. One's mind fills up with Chekhovian notes. In Milan, a man snores through the opera. At Bordeaux two ladies have a more and more candid conversation about their hair dyes. At Calais the inevitable drunken Englishman offers all his money to the station officials who take it, pass it round and hand it back to him. On the transatlantic plane a drunken woman takes her child's safety belt off as the aircraft comes down. At Pernambuco there is one of those lonely and itinerant Swiss who stare stonily at the continent they despise. Self-sufficient and economical, he makes a point of travelling with a single lemon to refresh him for the hours of his journey. Trivialities – and yet behind them are cities, great lakes, glaciers, mountains, steppe, a scene less secretive and intimate than ours.

And yet (one has to admit), one has been on the edge of it all; rather glad of the earthquake, the accident, the illness, the scuffle round the police car or in the street – anything that made one, for a moment, belong to the scene against one's will. One has become such an observer that one forgets how simply ordinary pleasure gets one in: the gambling at the casino, the crowd fun on the beach, the low dance, the fair, the boat trip to the island, the drunken spree. One starts understanding when one stops trying. There is nothing like pure silly pleasure. And here Clough has the last word on the tourist in the *Amours de Voyage*, with its splendid lines:

> Rome disappoints me much: I hardly as yet understand it.
> *Rubbishy* seems the word that most exactly would suit it.

All that hard cultural work during the day! The task of building up western civilisation from the foundations, of getting it right, of deciding between Pagans and Christians! And then, as Stendhal said, the loneliness of the evenings, the shameful self-pity! So that, in the end, as Clough says, racing back to the hotel 'we turn like fools to the English' – to the coach tour in fact, where, alas, everyone is up to the usual English game of finding out who is commoner than who. This Victorianism still goes on; but suddenly, Clough shoots forward into the Thirties. It is after 1848. The French have broken the truce. There is rifle fire and there are riots. The tourists rush to the embassy for protection, and Clough stays out daring himself to join in and 'encarnadine . . . this inky pacifical finger' in the cause of Italian freedom. He does not do so. But he sees, or almost sees, a man killed. 'Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a body.' That 'almost' contains the essential pathos of the tourist's division of mind.

Why should we not be on the edge? We are just as much on the edge at home. In the last 100 years half the world's population has become uprooted, expatriates from class, race or nation. We live on frontiers. There is a great deal to be ignorant about and we may as well see it. We travel for the lust of the eye. I like to stare in a stupor at a strange landscape. I like being alone. It stops me talking and makes me listen. Those ranks of expressionless faces in the coach are of people alone and looking, too. And, although very little of my travelling has been done for dear silly pleasure, I have not become a compulsive and infatuated traveller. I think of an American working on a newspaper in tropical South America. For 20 years he had dragged from one republic to another looking for the great good place, for what the United States had promised to be and was not. Each country was perfect for a while; then he discovered the ungodliness and moved on, getting poorer on gutting countries and throwing them aside. He was stuck in the flooded town, in the rank heat, with the vultures flapping down, his wife fading, a sad flaccid man who could not stop talking. He was just about to move on again. Perhaps Venezuela, perhaps Nicaragua, perhaps Mexico? He was never going back to the States. He had the complacency of the man who had found nowhere above suspicion and worth staying still in. He was beginning to get the anxiety of one who is running short of countries, as one might run short of cash.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

France
229 plates,
6 colour 50s.

Germany
234 plates,
6 colour 50s.

Europe
249 plates
9 colour 50s.

Italy
238 plates,
7 colour 50s.

Asia
297 plates,
14 colour 50s.

Spain
245 plates,
8 colour 50s.

Switzerland
232 plates,
6 colour 50s.

Eternal Greece
90 plates 50s.

Athens
79 plates,
5 colour 25s.

London
115 plates,
6 colour 25s.

Around the world
with HÜRLIMANN

the greatest topographical photographer of them all

Paris
105 plates,
5 colour 25s.

Rome
102 plates,
2 colour 25s.

Available soon:

Istanbul
102 plates, 5 colour 25s.

Moscow and Leningrad
81 plates, 9 colour, 9 drawings 25s.

ALL THESE BOOKS ARE PUBLISHED BY THAMES & HUDSON

Mr Chib's Problem

I FEEL sorry for Mr Chib. He is a most kind and agreeable official of the Ministry of Communications and head of a highly efficient Indian tourist department which will plan and punctiliously carry out any tour you want to make in India. Gradually people from the West are discovering that India is now a country quickly reached by air with a good internal air service (India Airlines Corporation, which is separate from Air India International), that there are also fine air-conditioned trains and good motor roads, on which they will meet plenty of other cars in addition to bullock carts, lorries and camels; that India now has a number of admirable hotels, which combine western comforts with the eastern speciality of efficient, friendly and unsubservient service. They are discovering, too, that there are almost as many wonderful things to see in the Indian sub-continent as there are in all Europe.

Why then am I sorry for Mr Chib? Because his job is primarily with tourist India, and there must be many other visitors like me with limited time, which they feel they must spend on the less publicised and still much less neat development of the struggling, changing India of the present day. It is true, as I know from past visits, that the Taj Mahal is one of the few splendours of the world that lives up to its reputation, and that Agra has other less famous but not less beautiful buildings to show. One wonders, wandering about the Fort in Agra or the Red Fort in Old Delhi, whether any other people, except the Italians, have built so magnificently as the

YOU can afford- Y.T.C. Continental Holidays!

Specimen Itineraries

PALMA (Majorca)—15 DAYS, by Air, 41 gns.

This world-famous island paradise is renowned for its sub-tropical climate with almost endless sunshine. Our Hotel (100 yards from the sea) is noted for its exciting menus and first-rate cuisine. A weekly fiesta takes place with concert, dancing, buffet supper and champagne, at a moderate cost.

LAKE COMO—16 DAYS, by Air, 45 gns.

Renowned for its food and impeccable service, the first-class Grana Hotel Milano offers everything for a wonderful holiday. Gardens, sun terrace, dancing, concerts, fiestas, billiards, table tennis and tennis.

RHINELAND—9 DAYS, by Air, 21 gns.

In the heart of "Romantic Rhineland", Bacharach is a quaint town more than 1,000 years old. A wonderfully gay holiday centre with accommodation at the delightful Rheinterasse Hotel famous for its "cellar".

Write for Free Handbook containing many other wonderful Y.T.C. Holidays and details of Membership to Dept. N.S.

Y.T.C. UNIVERSAL LTD.

The Non-Profit Travel Club,
6 Campden Street, London, W.8
Phone PARK 7647

CONTOURS

for quality holidays in all European countries

* * * * * *

15 days USSR by air — 112 gns.
all inclusive of air travel to Helsinki by S.A.S. and 11 days in the U.S.S.R. visiting Leningrad and Moscow.
Departures: Saturday evenings. 26th July; 16th, 23rd & 30th August. Conducted throughout.

* * * * * *

16 days conducted coach tour to
HUNGARY & CZECHOSLOVAKIA
visiting Budapest, Eastern Hungary, The Tatra Mountains, Slovakia and Prague. An outstanding itinerary.

With rail to Vienna ...... 60 gns.
With air travel BEA ...... 82 gns.

Departures: Saturdays 28th June; 2nd, 16th & 30th August.

* * * * * *

Send NOW for details of these and many other attractive all-in holidays

CONTOURS LTD
72 Newman St., LONDON, W.1
Tel.: MUSeum 6463

a holiday as you like it!

Individual holidays need individual planning. That's where Cooks come in, or rather, why you will do well to come in to Cooks, for they are pastmasters in perfecting individual holiday and travel arrangements right down to the last detail. It's just a question of naming your requirements and letting Cooks fulfil them in one go—to your great satisfaction.

go as you please through

COOKS

BERKELEY STREET, W.1 AND BRANCHES

For really carefree Continental motoring . . .

motours **the THERE-BY-AIR and VOLKSWAGEN-FOR-A-FORTNIGHT Holidays**

This way it is a holiday—with none of the long, hard drive to the south of France and back.

MOTOURS fly you OUT to Nice, BACK from Munich, and provide you with a fully insured Volkswagen for a fortnight, plus 1st class hotel reservations for the first and last night of your holiday. You're free to drive-as-you-please, though three suggested itineraries detailing road conditions, hotels and restaurants are supplied free.

Ask your Travel Agent for a MOTOURS BROCHURE, or send this coupon:

Please send me a FREE copy of the 1958 MOTOURS BROCHURE

NAME...
ADDRESS...
....SN2

ROUND TRIP

(Including air travel; hire of car for 13 days; 2 nights' hotel accommodation.)

LONDON-NICE-MUNICH-LONDON or vice versa. Two people to a car: 55 GNS each.

Flights by pressurised HERMES aircraft Saturdays 26th April—4th October

MOTOURS,
16 Catherine Place, London, S.W.1.
Tel.: VICtoria 1082
or
MILBANKE TOURS LTD.,
164 Piccadilly, London W.1.
Tel. HYDe Park 9761

see
ITALY
SPECIAL 1958 ATTRACTION
15 day *Stars of Italy* conducted coach tour visiting Milan, Florence, Rome, Rimini, Venice 42 Gns.
Special departures 30th March and 6th April for Easter, and every Sunday until 14th Sept.
15 day escorted tours to Adriatic and Italian rivieras and lakes. From 24 Gns.
AIR HOLIDAYS (charter BEA, Alitalia) ... ... From 38·Gns.
Apply for brochure and details to.
APAL TRAVEL LTD. (*Dept. N.S.*),
287, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.I

- see
SPAIN
COSTA BRAVA, MALLORCA, IBIZA, TARRAGONA, SITGES, SAN SEBASTIAN and SOUTHERN SPAIN
8, 11, 15 or 21 day holidays by rail and air
by rail from 19 Gns. by air from 39 Gns.
We have allocations of hotel rooms, couchettes by rail and seats with B.E.A., Iberia and air charter.
Apply for details and brochure to:
SEE SPAIN LTD. (*Dept. N.S.*),
78, NEW OXFORD ST., or 287, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Moghuls. As for Ajanta and Ellora they are as exciting to the uninitiated in Indian art as one's first sight of the Michelangelos in Florence. No wonder, too, that Mr Chib is a trifle disappointed if you tell him that you've no time for the marble town of Jaipur—so near to Delhi too!—and prefer to visit the brand new Punjab capital of Chandigarh, and that you really must cut out the famous temples of Orissa (where erotic imagination has made the paintings of Pompeii look like a Quaker meeting), and, if one is going so far from Delhi, why visit the Communist state of Kerala instead of the wonderful temples in southern India?

The answer, so far as I am concerned, is that much though I enjoy these superb antiquities, I am even more interested in trying to find out what is happening in the minds of the 400 million or is it now 450 million people in this sub-continent? I find this question as exciting today as I did when I first arrived in India 10 years ago only a few days before the murder of Gandhi. This time I reached Bombay on 26 January, India's Republic Day. The three million people of Bombay—most of them, it seemed—were in the streets celebrating Independence in shining white to the tune of innumerable toy trumpets. Then instead of travelling direct to Delhi I flew very comfortably to Karachi—a straggling place that has grown much in size but looks, to the superficial eye at least, as it did 10 years ago except, of course, that (as almost everywhere in Asia) the rickshaw, thank goodness, has given way to the pedicab and motor tricycle.

It was in Lahore, however, that I saw the greatest change in Pakistan. In the old fort, with its lovely crumbling mosaics, there is a superb exhibition of Islamic art. Jostling to see the illuminated manuscripts, the paintings and sculptures was a crowd of which a large proportion were women, a wonderful change indeed in an Islamic country! A very few were still wearing burkas—the white tents which totally hide the no doubt attractive figures inside. Others had shawls over their faces, but most of them looked upon mankind openly, only occasionally covering the lower half of their faces if a member of the male sex looked directly at them. There were large groups of giggling school and college girls, excited, clearly, less by the art they had come to see than by the pioneering experience of being out with faces uncovered, often, it seemed, without the protection of a schoolmistress.

Chandigarh, where I write these lines, is unique. It is the seat of the East Punjab government, built on an open site not far from the Himalayan foothills. The signpost beckons you on to Simla and other hill-stations where the Englishmen learnt to escape the deadly heat of an Indian summer. Now it is cold in the mornings and evenings, and I am told that the strong winds here are usual. The result is that many of the new houses which please the eye are uncomfortable in the rainy season. The rain, they say, drives almost horizontally, swooshing through the honeycomb sun-breaks that are a peculiar feature of Chandigarh architecture. Partly for economy and partly for beauty, the brilliant team of architects who have built Chandigarh (they include, apart from Corbusier, the chief designer, Maxwell Fry, Jane Drew and many young Indian architects) have devised, with only controversial success, this method of holding off the scorching sun instead of the traditional wide verandah.

The most remarkable thing in Chandigarh is the High Court building, with a gigantic monumental entrance of curved arches—I should say the most impressive piece of architecture built in modern times. Once again, the judges, who daily work there, complain that everyone arrives wet in court. This, surely, is a defect that can be remedied by the addition of some covered ways. Such architectural difficulties are bound to arise in a new, imaginative experiment, and I have no doubt at all that the young architects I've talked to will find solutions. The basic concept of Chan-

Hush-a-bye Baby, up in the sky
You're in Air-India—do you know why?
Because it's the comfiest, scrumptiousest way
To travel to Sydney, Bangkok and Bombay

Fly to destinations throughout the Far East
in Super-G Constellations with luxurious slumberettes and sleepers
Ask your Travel Agent for details
AIR-INDIA
International
66 Haymarket London W1 TRAfalgar 4541 and in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow

WAYFARERS HOLIDAYS ABROAD
U. S. S. R.
An 18 day cruise with 3 days in Leningrad, 3 days in Moscow and including visits to Copenhagen, Stockholm and Helsinki.
Departure: **May 30th** from **£86.0.0**
This is only one of the many attractive holidays offered in our 1958 Holidays Abroad Programme.
May we send you a copy ?
THE WAYFARERS TRAVEL AGENCY LTD.
Dept. N.S.2., 20 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.
Est. 1920 Tel: LANgham 8222

FOREIGN FIELDS
The 1958 Programme of the Holiday Fellowship offers 85 Centres and Tours abroad from Norway to Yugoslavia and at many places in between. Every Fellowship holiday has 40 years' experience behind it; comfortable Hotels and Guest Houses, good food, organised excursions to places of interest; reasonable charges, easy travel in friendly groups. There are also over 50 Centres and Tours in Britain. Write now for the free illus booklets *HOLIDAYS ABROAD* or *SUMMER HOLIDAYS* to
THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP
Room 43
142 GREAT NORTH WAY : LONDON NW4

digarh seems to me absolutely right. The town, planned for 150,000 people and already housing some 15,000, mainly civil servants, is divided into 30 rectangular sections, each containing houses of different types (including cheap houses which are a great improvement for peasant housing on anything else in India) and all the shops and other amenities for the inhabitants who need not, unless they wish, ever go outside their own neighbourhood. Every amenity is within half a mile or so of every house. Six-foot walls, quickly covered with climbing creeper, surround the sectors; the great main highway runs outside the walls with lesser roads leading to the interior of each sector where no main traffic need enter and where no children are likely to be killed.

In the afternoon the Sikh official in charge of a community development project outside Chandigarh took me to half-a-dozen villages. One was totally untouched by modernity; it was filthy, poverty-stricken and I thought inimical to officialdom. In others very much had been done, the pathways had been paved, the wells built in so that dirt could not seep through; there were brick buildings, much improved stock, and good crops helped by artificial manure. We were met by cheerful people who were clearly proud of their achievements. In one village there was a lively weaving industry conducted apparently entirely by Harijans, who, I was told, through habit still kept their separate quarters even though there was no longer any obstacle to complete social intermingling. I was insistent about this: was untouchability really abolished? One of the village leaders who had met me and was clearly a person of some authority, answered me briefly and effectively: 'I am a Harijan'.

Village life is stirring in India, indeed it has woken up and is demanding more cement for houses, more fertilisers, and better stock than the government can yet provide. One civil servant I met in the evening saw danger in this. Would not the peasants be frustrated if they asked so much more than the government could give them? And would it not be dangerous? Yes, I said, and I rejoiced in it. For without such pressure and such danger bureaucracy might too easily become complacent.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Festival Prospect

CRITICS sometimes tend to be up-stage about festivals. Sitting in London for most of the year, with five or six concerts or operas to choose from every night, we do not always shiver with excitement at the thought of Edinburgh, mention of Salzburg is greeted with wary apprehension, while the thought of Cheltenham causes even the bravest contemporary heart to sink a little

In fact scepticism is not entirely unjustified. The sad truth is that far from being a dedicated artistic offering, most festivals are based fairly and squarely on some flinty-eyed calculations in the town hall. There is always a lot of talk about international understanding-through-art (although the insight gained in our hotels into the British way of life is not always conducive to good will), but the real aim is, of course, to bring tourists to the area. No one had really thought of tourists having musical tastes until the artistic success of Salzburg in the late Twenties and Thirties turned the whole of the Salzkammergut into a thriving tourist area. As soon as the word got around, everyone started to jump on the band waggon. Lucerne, Aix, Edinburgh, Stockholm, Dublin, Berlin, Athens and countless other towns have all followed suit. Some of these have invented a plausible artistic *raison d'être*. Others show precious little artistry of any sort. These I ignore.

The brighter side of festivals is that some of them have discovered that the performance of new and neglected works brings its rewards in publicity, so that it is on festivals that we to a large extent rely for productions or operas like Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron.*

Very few festivals have as yet announced any

Holidays in the
U.S.A & CANADA

★ 11 *days' inclusive holiday by air and bus:* Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec £184 . 16s
13 *days' inclusive holiday by air and bus:* New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls.................... £198 . 2s ★
★ 17 *days' inclusive holiday by air and bus:* New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal £206 . 12s
A few vacancies exist on special tour leaving Southampton, April 24, by R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth. Escorted throughout U.S.A., visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington, etc. 27 days, 242gns. ★

COOKS Send for free booklet, Dept. W 1 FZ.
Berkeley Street, London, W.1, and branches; or Dean & Dawson.

YOUR CHOICE?

- Holidays that offer a chance to meet the people of other countries and to get to know them.
- Down to earth prices, e.g.—Belguim 14 days from 15gns. inclusive, Austria 23gns. 14 days, Italy 29gns. 14 days, etc.
- An exciting selection of centres—including Malta, Gibraltar, Tangier, Poland and many other countries.
- All types of travel, rail, air, sea and coach.

IFL *Write today for free illustrated brochure:*
HOLIDAYS, 12 Peace Haven,
Creswick Rd., Acton, London, W.3
—a voluntary, non-profit organisation with over twenty-five years of travel experience.

India....
WELCOMES YOU

Moonlit temples on the banks of holy rivers . . . ceremonial processions ablaze with colour . . . peasant crafts and Mogul splendours . . . India, gorgeous with the magnificence of the past, offers all of these, together with air-conditioned hotels, on-time railways and efficient airlines. India, modern India—fabulous and friendly, welcomes YOU.

Illustrated brochures and suggested itineraries from your Travel Agent or

BRIHADESVARA Temple, Tanjore, with its exquisitely carved tower, is not only a place of Hindu worship but a cultural centre, a visit to which is a rich experience.

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE
28 Cockspur St., London, S.W.1. TRA 1718

YOUR SUMMER HOLIDAY 1958

We can offer you a choice of inexpensive original arrangements including:

AIR HOLIDAYS to the ITALIAN COAST or the ISLAND OF ELBA Costs from 43½ gns.
ECONOMY HOLIDAYS in GREECE Costs from 66½ gns.
BARGAIN HOLIDAYS in AUSTRIA, the ITALIAN ADRIATIC or the COSTA BRAVA Costs from 23½ gns.
HOUSE PARTIES in BRITAIN or on the CONTINENT Costs from 8 gns. (Britain) 27½ gns. (on the Continent)

ERNA LOW
47 (NS) OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.7.
KENsington 0911 & 9225 6

MOUNTAIN HOLIDAYS
with

training in Mountain craft on special courses of one and two weeks' duration with Guides and experienced amateurs as tutors, held under pleasant holiday conditions and at reasonable cost. Write to-day for a copy of our fully illustrated 1958 Training Programme containing details of centres in Wales the Lake District, Scotland, Austria, Italy and Switzerland.

THE MOUNTAINEERING ASSOCIATION
Dept. N.
102a WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.2.

details of their programme for this year, so that comments must be partial and sketchy. In the cases of Florence and Venice this is hardly a surprise. For both towns are noted for their elaborate annual tease, whereby any information (that is correct) is withheld from intending visitors until a day or two before the festival opens. Indeed it might be said that, where German festivals are essentially designated for planners, Italian festivals are more likely to appeal to the improvising temperament, while the French contrive a tasteful blend of planned uncertainty. If Florence's Maggio Musicale lies on the extreme right of unplannedness (I trust the reader will not see any political allusion here), no sooner has the curtain descended on the season's last performance at Bayreuth than they are turning out next year's programme with details of performances and casts down to the Third Rhine Maiden.

I must confess to a special partiality for Bayreuth. The atmosphere is, of course, decidedly serious. We have not come to amuse ourselves. The rites start at *punkt* four o'clock and continue with pauses for refreshment until 10.30 or 11. If, after that, you feel like night-life, you should enter for the *Tour de France* next year. In any case the rather prim Franconian town is refreshingly free of the gloomy provincial *Lokalen* that open for the season at Salzburg, if only because good Wagnerians make for an early bed so as to be fresh for the morning study of *libretti*, scores and Mr Newman's various volumes on the matter in hand. All very dull and dowdy you may think. Yet to listen to *The Ring* unfolding in all majesty night after night in an atmosphere of concentrated devotion, and without any of the usual diversions and distractions, is a unique experience – that is, if you are a Wagnerian! This year the new production is of *Lohengrin*.

One of the outstanding events of this year's festivals will certainly be the first performance of Stravinsky's big new choral work, *Threni*. It has also been put about that there is to be a stage performance of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* at the Fenice. But it would be rash to assume that the remainder of the programme will be on this level, for Venice has a way of putting all its eggs into one basket. Almost every year there is one really exciting event, but the remainder of the programme is too often feeble in conception and execution, and, like so many towns, Venice is neither at its cheapest nor emptiest during a festival.

Indeed, one of the perennial troubles with festivals is that only too often one sees the towns at their worst. Those that emerge best from the ordeal are either those off the beaten tracks of tourism, or those that are big enough to absorb a festival without disruption of the town's services and the consequent rocketing prices. Salzburg in festival time can only be compared to the Piccadilly Line in rush hour. The streets are choked with traffic and petrol fumes, there are queues for meals, overburdened waiters struggle against an avalanche of hungry visitors and hotels are so full that a single room becomes a luxury. Of course the musical fare is rich and standards are in the main still very high. But I am not sure that there is not more pleasure to be had in visiting Salzburg for a day or two out of season, say, for instance, on the way to the June festival in Vienna, which provides an even more varied programme than Salzburg and much cheaper seats, and which this year among other things offers a week of contemporary opera, and a series of big choral works.

The ruins of Berlin may seem a curious background for a holiday, yet perhaps this is the most stimulating of all festivals. The *festwochen* in the western part of the city were started largely with the purpose of reminding the world that this besieged city still has a cultural vitality that some more fortunately placed capitals might well envy. It has done this so successfully with programmes that are uniquely enterprising, particularly in the field of 20th-century music, that last year the eastern part of the city entered the fray. Thus the visitor has two admirable festivals competing for his favour and all this in the cheapest town in Germany. British citizens are free to enter the eastern sector without any formalities.

In the absence of detailed programmes, it may be of interest if I briefly list some individual events of particular interest that have already been announced. Gian Carlo Menotti is the artistic director of the new 'Festival of Two Worlds' which is to be held in the little Italian mountain town of Spoleto, some 60 miles north-east of Rome. Its prime purpose will be to put forward young artists of exceptional promise. On the musical side the main event will be Verdi's *Macbeth*, produced by Luchino Visconti and conducted by Thomas Schippers. There will also be two contemporary one-act operas. Edinburgh will offer two operatic rarities in the shape of Falla's *La Vida Breva* (with de los Angeles in the main role) and Weber's *Euryanthe*. At Leeds, the Covent Garden Opera will perform Handel's *Samson* to mark the approaching bi-centenary of the composer's death; the Holland Festival will mount two Schoenberg one-act operas, *Erwartung* and *Von Heute auf Morgen*, and Janacek's rarely heard *The Makropoulos Case* will also be performed; Samuel Barber's new opera *Vanessa* will have its first European production at Salzburg with Mitropoulos conducting; at Perugia there will be a performance of Rossini's *Mosé* and Florence will do his *Donna del Lago* during the Maggio Musicale; Prague has announced the complete works of Janacek in May, and Brno will do them in October; there is talk of a week of contemporary German opera in Paris that would include Berg's *Lulu* (from Hamburg) and Henze's *König Hirsch* (from West Berlin); and in case anyone stays at home the LCC are as usual arranging for bands in the empty spaces of Hyde Park. I shall be in the front row of deck chairs.

PETER HEYWORTH

Traveller's Diary

EVERY time I cross the Channel by boat – and, time permitting, I prefer this way of getting to the Continent – I find myself annoyed by trifles. Why, for instance, should the gangways be so few and so narrow? It is impossible to board or disembark decently if you are carrying luggage. You are pressed on by the crowd behind, and you have to show boarding passes at one end of the plank and tickets at the other. It is bad enough midweek, but at holiday times the process robs the trip of half its pleasure. Wider gangways, please, and a simplified procedure for checking tickets, passes and, not least, passports. The arrangements at Folkestone, in particular, are a disgrace – to get from the train to the boat you take part in a long, shambling and tiring scrum. Then there is the cheery belief that Channel weather is normally sub-tropical. Ample deck space may be fine for a cruise to the Florida Keys, but why assume that most passengers want to cross the Channel standing up on deck, or sheltering behind deck-houses or on staircases, or fighting to get an elbow to a small and overcrowded bar? Finally, of course, there is the old trouble that has helped drive so many passengers away to air travel – the fight for the customs. Again, the dirty, draughty shed at Folkestone is the worst example I know, but the procedure generally is chaotic and unpleasant in the extreme. This may not be the fault of HM Customs and Excise, whose officers must make do with what facilities the railways provide – though they don't live up to the excellent accommodation they have at London Airport. But it is part of the slapdash attitude towards people who enter or leave by sea – they must put up with the waste of time and energy, as they must put up with dreary sheds and unnecessary toil, as part of the romance of crossing the Channel.

Majorca?
THEN CONSULT THE EXPERTS!

Write NOW for our 36-page illustrated Brochure which is
A GUIDE TO THE ISLAND IN ITSELF
with details of our FAMILY DISCOUNT PLAN, and MAJORCA CLUB
THE MAJORCA SERVICE LTD. (Dept. 19)
30, CRAVEN STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TRA 6414

Unrivalled knowledge of the Island enables us to offer YOU the widest choice of arrangements to suit YOUR taste and pocket. Travel by BEA Viscount, by Rail, Sea and Air, or join our escorted Overland Parties. Stay at Luxurious Hotels, Friendly Pensions or Typical Inns. Or RENT your own Villa, Cottage or Flat! Choose from glamorous, exciting Palma, pine-fringed Bathing Paradises or unspoilt Fishing Villages.

SOME EXAMPLES OF FULLY INCLUSIVE 15-DAY HOLIDAYS

	Overland	Viscount		Overland	Viscount
PALMA Hotel… … … …	33 gns.	54 gns.	**PALMA** Pension …	from 28 gns.	49 gns.
PAGUERA Hotel … … …	37 gns.	57 gns.	**SOLLER** Pension …	from 29 gns.	52 gns.
CALA D'OR Typical Inn …	34 gns.	51 gns.	**IBIZA** Pension … …	from 28 gns.	52 gns.

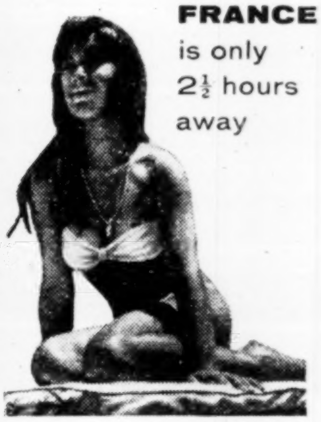
Exciting holidays in
EASTERN EUROPE!

RUSSIA	24 days	122½ GNS
CZECHOSLOVAKIA	14 days	£50 .12
HUNGARY	14 days	£58 .15
BULGARIA	16 days	£59 .18
ALBANIA	12 days	£68 .16

14 DAYS AUSTRIA & HUNGARY £53 | 12 DAYS YUGOSLAVIA & BULGARIA £65.12

* Small conducted Parties and Individual Trips
Send 2d. Stamp for Free Booklet

PROGRESSIVE TOURS LTD.
Dept. N. 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. Tate 2152/3



The SOUTH OF FRANCE is only 2½ hours away

by **AIR FRANCE**
Riviera Express

This daily Viscount service leaves London mid-morning and wings you to Nice in time for an after-lunch swim. Connections available in Nice for all points on the French and Italian Rivieras. Write for Summer Programme giving details of services to France, Spain, Majorca, Italy, Switzerland and many other places, or ask your Travel Agent.

AIR FRANCE, Dept. NS.1
52 Haymarket, London, S.W.1
Grosvenor 9030

AF.25

Relax in the Sun on the ISLANDS of the MEDITERRANEAN

A gay holiday awaits you —sailing, water ski-ing, underwater exploring— with the

CLUB MEDITERRANEE OF PARIS
139 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET,
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
LONDON, W.8. WEStern 1517

SPANISH
TOURING AGENCY

15	Days to beautiful **Costa Brava** or **Palma Majorca**	by RAIL from	25 gns.
		by AIR from	38 gns.
14	Days to **Costa Brava** by coach		£39.10.0

(Dept. N.S.) 24 Binney St. (opp. Selfridges), London, W.1
Mayfair 6982 4391

Society for Hellenic Travel
AUTUMN CRUISE
August 26th—September 13th
To GREEK, RUSSIAN & TURKISH CITIES, ISLANDS & SITES IN
THE AEGEAN & THE BLACK SEA
in the *SS Hermes*

accompanied by Mr. A. R. BURN, M.A., Senior Lecturer in Ancient History in the University of Glasgow.

Dr. G. L. LEWIS, M.A., D.Phil., Reader in Islamic Studies in the University of Oxford.

DAME ROSE MACAULAY

Dr. DIMITRI OBOLENSKY, M.A., Ph.D., Reader in Russian and Balkan Mediaeval History in the University of Oxford.

THE SHIP IS ONE CLASS ONLY

Berths from 93 gns.

FAIRWAYS & SWINFORD (TRAVEL) LTD.
(Dept. N.S.5)
18, St. George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1.
(Tel: MAYfair 6801)

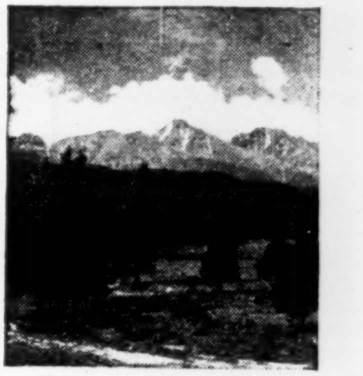
SUMMER SCHOOLS ABROAD and MUSIC FESTIVALS

LANGUAGE COURSES	LAUSANNE, BARCELONA, PALMA, VIENNA, SALZBURG, MAYRHOFEN
ART & ARCHITECTURE COURSES	PRAGUE, ROME, VENICE, NAPLES, FLORENCE, BARCELONA
MUSICIANS PARTIES	SALZBURG, VIENNA, ROME, VERONA, AIX-EN-PROVENCE, PASSAU

3 SPECIAL TOURS TO VENICE, ATHENS, KNOSSOS, DELPHI and ROME

Programme from:
HAROLD INGHAM LIMITED
15 ST. JOHN'S ROAD : HARROW : MIDDLESEX
HARrow 1040 and 1087

Enjoy a holiday with a difference in CZECHOSLOVAKIA



Karlstejn Castle . . . the High Tatra Mountains (illustrated here) . . . the Prague Gardens . . . the Karlsbad Spa—these are sights with a difference, and you will find them in lovely Czechoslovakia, a land of high mountains, fairy-tale castles, and enchanting cities. A warm welcome and traditional hospitality await you in this unspoiled land of variety—so this year take your holidays abroad in Czechoslovakia.

Get full information from your Travel Agent, or direct from:
ČEDOK Czechoslovak Travel Bureau, Na Prikope 18, Prague 3

ČEDOK London LTD. will be opening the office shortly in Oxford Street. W.1.

SUN SPOTS
Favourites or Excitingly New
TRANSGLOBE
AIR HOLIDAYS
DIRECT FLIGHTS FROM LONDON
15 DAYS FULLY INCLUSIVE

A WHOLE FORTNIGHT in Europe's sunniest, most exciting resorts. Full board in good hotels and luxury coaches to and from airports.

DAY *FLIGHTS AT WEEKENDS*
Prices in £'s—NO High Season or other extras.

SPAIN	Costa Brava	£44. 0.0
	Majorca	£46. 0.0
AUSTRIA	Igls above Innsbruck	£37.10.0
ITALY	Riccione	£48. 0.0
PORTUGAL	Figuiera da Foz	£54. 0.0
YUGOSLAVIA	Opatija	£51. 0.0
BOHEMIA	Prague	£47. 0.0

Brochure from :—(STATE RESORTS PREFERRED)
CITy 5541 **TRANSGLOBE** *FLE 3404*
Dept. NS2 80 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

MICHELIN MAPS & GUIDES

THE BEST FOR CONTINENTAL HOLIDAYS—

Three of the famous **GREEN GUIDES** can now be had in English editions—"**PARIS**," "**FRENCH RIVIERA**" and "**BRITTANY**". Two more—"**CHATEAUX OF THE LOIRE**" and "**SWITZERLAND**" will be available soon.

As well as the celebrated **GUIDE FRANCE**, similar guides are published for **BENELUX, SPAIN, ITALY, ALGERIA and MOROCCO.** 1958 Editions ready before Easter.

For latest list send to:—
NEWS CHRONICLE BOOK DEPT.,
Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Weather apart, a revival of holidays in England depends upon two factors motor touring and staggered holidays. If only people would tour Wales (especially the neglected south-west corner), the Dales and Scotland, in May, June or September, it would be possible to provide more and better accommodation. The long American tourist season is helping, but it simply will not pay to build modern motels or tourist camps in remote places unless they can be kept reasonably busy for at least five months in the year. There is a case, in fact, for creating a national agency linked to the national parks system to operate motels in selected areas. It is done in America. Why not here? A lead of this kind might encourage more motorists to take the plunge, and more private hotel interests to follow them

* * *

After a few days on holiday, I invariably become bored. So, I suspect, do most people, though few care to admit it. How to prevent holiday boredom? Some people travel incessantly, trudging round a cathedral and three museums every day. Others take violent exercise, such as ski-ing, climbing or under-water swimming. I find such solutions too exhausting. Instead I paint. It is a soothing, satisfying and delightfully time-wasting occupation. What's more, anyone can do it, especially if they avoid finicky water-colour and invest in a box of oils. Nearly all countries provide good subject-matter, but some are distinctly better than others. Southern Germany, Austria, Switzerland are too conventional, both as to shapes and colours: the more skilful you are, the more your canvases look like bad chocolate boxes or Sir Winston's lesser efforts. Ireland and Brittany have too much green, a dangerous colour for amateurs. In Spain, especially in the south, the light is superb, but the yellows and browns become monotonous; Portugal is better, though the Atlantic haziness tends to break up sharp outlines and so provides pitfalls. The best combination for a tyro's canvas is harsh sunlight and spiky evergreens, especially cypresses, pines and fir-trees, with the occasional red-tiled roof. Hence I would pick Morocco where Matisse did his best paintings — northern Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece and, especially, the Midi. It is the perfect country for artists.

* * *

The Americans long ago thought of the sensible idea of combining air or train tickets with car rental at your destination. It can be an ideal combination, for business or pleasure. The same idea lies behind the carry-car train service from the Channel to Lyons or from London to Perth. You have a quick and easy journey, and your car is ready at the other end. I have often wondered why British Railways haven't imitated the American plan and offered car-hire at attractive rates if you travel, say, more than 250 miles. A scheme like this would certainly be a fillip for tourism in the remoter parts, say, of Wales and Scotland. Now that an American car-rental firm is coming into the British market we may see more 'packages' of this kind. I notice that this year it is possible to fly out to the Riviera and pick up a drive-as-you-please car for a fortnight. For those who can only get away for two weeks it is a splendid way of saving four days beating across France and back.

* * *

One of the real problems for holidaymakers is how to get simple information. The travel agencies offer bigger and glossier brochures each year. The travel columns in the press provide useful tips and comments. But it is still hard for anyone who wishes to do more than plump for a picture and a price to find out detailed and comparative facts about different holiday areas. Take, for example, the question of weather. Everyone now knows that the Mediterranean is warm in summer. But how warm, and exactly when? May on the Costa Brava can be warm, but, as I found last year, the sea can be too cold for swimming. How late can you go to Torremolinos or Dubrovnik and expect sub-tropical sunshine? Is March in Italy wet, or springlike? And what is the best time for Sweden, or the Tyrol? Are the Balkans tricky in the autumn? Why doesn't some enterprising fellow produce a simple European guide with summaries of weather, attractions, facilities, prices — and even drawbacks — for the main resort areas of Europe? Somebody has done one for the ski enthusiast. It's called *Winter Sports in Europe*, by Waverley Root (*Oldbourne* 21s.). Is a volunteer needed to do a companion volume for summer relaxation?

TRAVELLER

GREECE · ITALY · SCANDINAVIA · CORSICA · SPAIN · PORTUGAL

Painting holidays with EAS

Easter & Summer tuition

designed for absolute beginners • Architectural Coach Tours • Special Economy Holidays

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

EUROPEAN ART STUDIO, 39 JAMES ST., LONDON, W.1. HUN 9749

BY AIR FROM £34-10-0

Take 2 holidays this year!

Yes! YOU can take *two* holidays abroad this year — in Italy or Spain! INTER-TOURS — pioneers of the 2 in 1 holiday — brings you two magnificent holidays for the price of one. Enjoy a glorious week on sun-blessed beaches *plus* a week amid the grandeur of majestic mountain scenery. Exclusive hotel accommodation and travel costs are all-inclusive! INTER-TOURS' exciting new brochure gives you details of these, and other wonderful holidays — from as low as 27 gns. for a fortnight in Italy including rail travel!

Send coupon for your free illustrated brochure — TODAY.

INTER-TOURS SPECIAL!

2 weeks on the Adriatic Riviera

27 gns. — Unbeatable!

Or by air, for 37 gns.

ITALY *2-in-1 Holiday for only* **31 gns.** *By Inter-Train.*

By latest model Viscount 800s, 41 gns.

Spend one week on the fashionable Adriatic Riviera followed by a week in the majestic Dolomites.

SPAIN *2-in-1 Holiday for only* **49 gns.** *By rail.*

By air on Viscount 800s, 59 gns.

A week on the Costa Brava in first-class hotels followed by a week in the exciting Pyrenees in luxury accommodation.

Inter-Tours Ltd. *(late Inter-Tourist of Beckenham)*
64/66 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Langham 6736

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

N.S.1

Inter-Tours

THE ARTIST

Sketching Holidays

'The Artist' magazine has arranged a programme of sketching holidays from April to October, with tuition from experienced instructors. Good hotels, excellent food. All continental travel arrangements by Thomas Cook & Son Ltd.

Continental Holiday from 39 gns.

English Holidays from £10.

Send for Brochure

The Artist Publishing Co.
33 Warwick Square, S.W.1 (Dept. H)

THE NEWLYN HOLIDAY SKETCHING GROUP

TENTH SEASON: MAY 5 to SEPTEMBER 12, 1958

AN OUTDOOR PAINTING HOLIDAY in ideal surroundings. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio for work in bad weather. Book for a week, a fortnight or longer. Beginners are welcomed.

For Prospectus apply to

The Director, Gernick Field Studio
NEWLYN, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

SWISS & ITALIAN LAKES

One & Two-Centre Holidays from 23 Gns. Inclusive.

Lakeside hotels—Bathing—Dancing
Famous excursions, including Venice & Liectenstein
Escorted departures Easter onwards
Also Austrian holidays & Winter Sports.

QUALITY TRAVEL (Dept. N.S.)
184, High Street, Guildford.

A Complete Travel Service for DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE

Whether you want just tickets or a fully inclusive holiday we can help you. At our office you can discuss your plans in comfort—it is not just a shop selling travel—and you will, we hope, find us both knowledgeable and helpful

We have a number of novel and interesting arrangements of our own—mainly in Italy and the Alpine countries—and, because we act as agents for many other tour operators, can offer a really wide choice of holidays covering the whole of Europe. It is almost certain that we can find just the thing to suit your taste and pocket.

Why not let us know ***now*** just what it is you want—you can call, write or telephone—and find out for yourself?

PROTRAVEL

12 GREAT CASTLE ST., OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1
(behind Peter Robinson) Telephone: LANgham 3101

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Ignorance Against Knowledge

MANY chapters have been written on Galileo and far too many begin with the comfortable statement that 'the life and works of Galileo are too well known to be mentioned in detail'. In fact the scientific achievements of Galileo cover such a wide field that they are no longer encompassed by any single contemporary subject and his dealings with the Inquisition generally raise emotions of thankfulness that the intellectual barbarism of his age has vanished. The scientific work of Galileo is well documented and has stood the test of three centuries of verification. The affairs of the Inquisition are also well documented but the whole sad business was so rent with hypocrisy and personal intrigue that no one today can speak with certainty of the actual occurrences during those fateful years. Professor Santillana has now published his penetrating investigation of the original documents and of the files of the Inquisition.*

Galileo's crime was that he believed in the movement of the earth around the sun and began to get the first glimmerings of the idea of the universe as we know it today. For more than a thousand years the main conception of the universe was based on the teachings of Ptolemy who regarded the earth as being fixed at the centre of the universe. With the publication of *De Revolutionibus* in 1543 Copernicus began to throw light on some of the obscurities of the Ptolemaic teaching and the unfortunate Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake in 1600 for propagating the Copernican view that the earth moved around the sun. By this time we know from his correspondence that Galileo was already attracted to the Copernican system, but his great burst of astronomical activity did not begin until 1604. Already forty years old, he was then an intellectual giant of his age, renowned for his work in mechanics which had undermined the Aristotelean teaching to which he had been subjected as a student. The famous experiment from the leaning tower of Pisa, by which he showed that weights of 1 lb and 100 lbs dropped from the top of the tower reached the earth together, not only destroyed the remnants of Aristotle's physics but initiated a new attitude towards the objective universe.

The application of this new attitude of mensuration to astronomical observations in which Galileo soon became deeply entrenched rapidly led to trouble with the Roman Church of which he was a most devout member. Even before the elements of the telescope came into his hands he had attacked the unchangeable nature of the heavens by his observations of a 'new star' in 1604. This was undoubtedly a 'nova' – a class of star which although normally faint can, within the course of a few hours, become exceedingly bright and then return to its normal luminosity. Galileo demonstrated that the new star had no measurable parallax and that it must have appeared in the remote region of the 'fixed stars' – a region which had been regarded by Aristotle and his followers as absolutely changeless. Five years later a sample of an eyepiece came into Galileo's hands and within a short time he produced two instruments – the telescope and microscope – which had the profoundest influence on the subsequent development of science.

It is salutary to be reminded in these days when it takes nine months or a year to publish a scientific paper that Galileo's famous 24-page pamphlet *Siderius Nuncius* was published in March, 1610, only a few months after he began to look at the heavens with his telescope. In it he announces his discovery of the mountains on the moon, the revelation of the immense numbers of fixed stars, and above all the discovery of the satellites or moons of Jupiter – to him the final evidence in favour of the Copernican hypothesis of the motion of the earth around the sun.

There is no doubt that Galileo genuinely believed that the irrefutable proof provided by his telescope would convince any man of good faith, but he was soon disillusioned. Perhaps too much has been made of these immediate reactions. Any scientist of the twentieth century is too well aware of the difficulty of converting sceptical colleagues to new ideas and discoveries. The burden of proof is never easy and the inherent conservatism of human nature has not changed very much in 300 years. It is at least likely that if Galileo lived today and announced similar revolutionary ideas through observations with such an imperfect instrument that he would meet acute opposition. Professor Abetti related recently that they had set up Galileo's original telescope at Arcetri under far superior conditions and had marvelled at his sharpness of eyesight and intuition in interpreting the objects seen through the instrument. To this day it remains a mystery how Galileo managed to support his telescope with sufficient stability to follow celestial objects. Is it then surprising that so many of Galileo's opponents, although looking through his instruments, professed to see nothing?

The years which follow the publication of *Siderius Nuncius* reveal the full stature of Galileo. Maybe if he had been content to pursue his astronomical work, the last 20 years of his life would have been uneventful. But, unlike the typical contemporary scientist, he was determined to face the full consequences of his discoveries and beliefs to ensure freedom for a physical theory, for a new mode of thought and to correct the religious beliefs. In the first great crisis of 1615 to 1616, it is Cardinal Bellarmine rather than Pope Paul V who is in command and then begins the tangled vein of personal intrigue and animosities which prepared the ground for the later disasters. Galileo came to Rome in December of 1615, probably against sound advice, but in spite of his brilliant social gifts a delicate balance was tipped in favour of his antagonists when the Qualifiers, or experts of the Holy Office, were summoned in February 1616 to give their opinion on two propositions: (i) The sun is the centre of the world and hence immovable of local motion. (ii) The earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but moves according to the whole of itself, also with a diurnal motion. As is well known, the Qualifiers declared that the first proposition was 'foolish and absurd, philosophically and formally heretical, inasmuch as it expressly contradicts the doctrine of the Holy Scripture in many passages, both in their literal meaning and according to the general interpretation of the Fathers and Doctors', and the second was declared 'to receive the same censure in philosophy and, as regards theological truth, to be at least erroneous in faith'.

The injunction from the Holy Office was transmitted in private audience to Galileo by Bellarmine and the precise terms of the injunction eventually became a matter of the highest import. Galileo believed that Bellarmine had commanded 'that he must neither hold nor defend that opinion'. Sixteen years later he was to be informed at his trial that the command was 'not to hold, defend, nor teach that opinion in any way whatsoever'. Whether Bellarmine had deceived Galileo, or the Pope or whether the documents lodged in the file are false remains a matter of argument to this day. The immediate result in 1616 was that Galileo left Rome knowing that of all hatreds there is none greater than that of ignorance for knowledge. But, after the first weeks of disgust and dejection he was at work again, determined to overcome the ignorance and malice which had temporarily won the day.

Seven years after the injunction of 1616, Paul V was succeeded by Urban VIII, a friend of the arts and an academic who eagerly sought the presence of Galileo. As for Galileo – 'I am revolving in my mind plans of some moment for the republic of letters, and perhaps can never hope for so wonderful a combination of circumstances to ensure their success'. Encouraged by the Pope and his many friends, Galileo at last published the fateful *Dialogue* in 1632, which was greeted with rapturous praise and sold out immediately. Yet within a year he was on trial before the Inquisition.

The reasons for this reversal of fortune are as confused as all great issues. There seems no doubt that the Jesuits were responsible, at least, for the initial moves. Unfortunately Galileo had disputes with a Jesuit astronomer – Father Scheiner – about the meaning of the sunspots in 1612. An embittered and pointless rivalry about the priority of discovery, of a type not unfamiliar in science today, had left a festering sore. Urban VIII was distracted by political matters of wide import and the whole trial is rent with petty jealousies and animosities in which the major issues are often lost in obscurity. The Inquisitors themselves faced a predicament as to whether to base the charge on the 1616 Injunction or on the contents of the *Dialogue*. The means by which the Inquisitors arrived at their sentence will remain unknown; it was, in any case, far from unanimous. In terms of modern sentences the result was not harsh – Galileo lived on his farm in Arcetri under house arrest and in the last years of his life gave to the world his greatest work, *Two New Sciences*.

---

* *The Crime of Galileo*. By G. DE SANTILLANA. *Heinemann. 30s.*

Russian Political Institutions
DEREK J. R. SCOTT
Probably the first book to appear which takes account of all the recent changes in Russia.
Cloth 21*s*. *Boards* 16s.

Common Sense about the Common Market
E. STRAUSS
A critical study of the projected European Common Market. The emphasis is mainly on the political implications of the scheme. 15s.

J.B.M. Hertzog
OSWALD PIROW
This absorbing biography of General Hertzog includes accounts of his contacts with Smuts, Havagena and Malan and throws new light on an important period of South African history. 22s. 6d.

The Scottish Office
SIR DAVID MILNE
An authoritative description of present-day Scottish government by the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Scotland.
New Whitehall Series. 21s.

Moral Education in Christian Times
E. B. CASTLE
"The author of this scholarly and very readable book has ransacked a wealth of likely and unlikely books to present the Christian world's garnered wisdom on education." 30s.
Glasgow Herald.

Zen Buddhism
CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS
As founder of the Buddhist Society the author is admirably equipped to explain Buddhist thought.
New impression. 16s.

South Norway
F. N. STAGG
The fifth and concluding volume of Commander Stagg's excellent series of regional histories of Norway.
Illustrated. 25s

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN

From this distance in time of three centuries our greatest error would be to think that we no longer suffer the dangers which surrounded Galileo. It is too convenient to blame the Roman Church, or Urban VIII, or the thirteen Cardinals of the Inquisition. These are mere symbols of the muddle and intrigue which tends to rend any large administrative machine geared to the maintaining of the existing order and resisting disturbance. The chief actors in this drama all have their modern counterparts, except perhaps Galileo himself whose intuitive brilliance led him to do battle with a degree of persistence tinged with arrogance which we would regard as intemperate today.

A. C. B. Lovell

A Parting

If to lose all, is gain;
If the experience of grief
Brings solace after pain,
Then you and I may find relief
In this present anguish.
Parting, we may learn to prove
Faith is wiser than to languish
After an impossible love.

Now that you are out of reach,
Surrendered to harsh circumstance,
Death itself has less to teach
Than I discover by this chance.
That which lust could not reveal,
I have found in our farewell.

Richard Church

Bird Watcher

Challenged, he'd say it was a mode of knowing –
As boys in railway stations neutralise a passion
By gathering ciphers: number, date and place –
Yet keeps no record of his rare encounters,
Darkly aware that like his opposite
Who no less deep in woods, as far out on the moors
Makes do with food or trophies, hunts for easy favours,
He trysts defeat by what he cannot know.

'Goldfinch', he says, and means a chirping flutter
From stalk to stalk in early autumn meadows,
Or 'oystercatcher', meaning a high, thin cry
More ghost than bodied voice, articulation
Of the last rock's complaint against the sea.

And wooing with his mind the winter fieldfares
Has made a snare of his binoculars,
For lime and cage and gun has longed in secret,
To kill that he may count, ravish despair
And eat the tongue that will not speak to him,
Though to the wind it speaks, evasive as the wind.

He grows no lighter, they no heavier
As to his mode of loving he returns,
Fixed in the discipline of adoration;
Will keep no pigeons, nor be satisfied
With metropolitan starlings gabbling their parodies.

The boy's cold bride will yield, too soon and utterly,
Never these engines fuelled with warm blood,
Graced with peculiar folly that will far outfly him
Till in one communal emptiness they meet.

Michael Hamburger

Interviewing Arabs

I Saw for Myself. By Anthony Nutting. *Hollis & Carter.* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Journey into Chaos. By Paul Johnson. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s*.

Early last year both Mr Anthony Nutting and Mr Paul Johnson made the Grand Tour of the Middle East, which qualifies politicians, journalists and diplomatists as 'Middle Eastern experts'. Despite its vast, sprawling geography, the politics of the Arab world are delightfully small-scale and old-fashioned. Indeed, they are an ideal subject for itinerant reporting, since there is really not very much in each capital to report. We all stay at the same hotel, do the same round of calls in the same large cars and receive the same briefing from the embassies and the oil companies. Of course, there are minor variations in the routine of the Grand Tour. Mr Nutting, for example, was given the alpha-plus VIP treatment. Apparently he spoke to no one under the rank of President, Premier or Field-Marshal, and the title he has chosen for his book, *I Saw for Myself*, is a misnomer, since, on his own account, he heard a great deal but saw virtually nothing, except a view of Iraq's economic development from Nuri Said's aeroplane.

Mr Johnson, on the other hand, got the normal second-class treatment accorded to the visiting Labour MP or British newspaper correspondent. His score of top-level interviews, therefore, is much lower than Mr Nuttings's; but this gave him time to record his impressions of social and political conditions. This he does with the brilliant nostalgic acidity which distinguishes the younger from the older generation of angry new statesmen. *Journey into Chaos* is a much less weighty but much livelier book than Mr Nutting's – and it is also a great deal more thorough than Mr Johnson's own earlier volume on the Suez war. But, to judge from the pages on Israel (where I can check some of the facts by my own experience), Mr Johnson is still too inclined to record what he hears, unchecked, as though it were solid information. From a visit to two collective farms – Zikim, run by Mapam, and Girat Haim by Mapai – he concludes that Israeli Left-wingers are doctrinaire and spartan, whereas Mapainiks are empirical, easy-going and more property-conscious. For full measure, he adds on the next page, 'The *kibbutz*, with its large-scale farming methods – above all in the sphere of industrial agriculture – is a more viable economic unit than the Moshav (co-operative) settlements'. To put it mildly both these generalisations are open to question.

Mr Nutting's records of his conversations with such personages as the Sultan of Morocco, Mr Bourguiba, King Hussein and King Ibn Saud are of real importance. Curiously enough, his chapter on Saudi Arabia contradicts *Journey into Chaos* in one important particular. Mr Johnson reveals to us that the Deputy Foreign Minister, Yusuf Yasin, has replaced Prince Feisal as the King's chief adviser on foreign affairs and 'is now strongly pro-American'. Mr Nutting, on the other hand, describes Yasin as 'the pro-Egyptian, pro-Syrian adviser who tried to embroil Saudi Arabia in the Russian arms racket' and who is now completely out of favour with the Monarch. On such issues I prefer the Nutting version.

Where Mr Nutting's diplomatic sobriety becomes misleading is in his account of Iraq. Here Mr Johnson scores heavily. His picture of the barbarous suppression of all opposition by Nuri Said reveals an aspect of Iraqi politics which Mr Nutting suavely omits to mention. Mr Nutting, in fact, views the Middle East as one of the co-authors of the Baghdad Pact, who remains ardently Anglo-American and a critical but firm upholder of the Eisenhower Doctrine. Mr Johnson sees it as a Left-wing Socialist, appalled by the clumsiness with which the Americans have taken over the British policy of indirect colonialism and committed all our mistakes on an even larger scale.

The difference of approach could hardly be greater. Yet, when it comes to practical conclusions, the staid Mr Nutting and the angry Mr Johnson sit down together and agree. Not unexpectedly, the latter favours British disengagement in Kuweit and the other sheikhdoms along the Persian Gulf. But I was surprised to find that Mr Nutting also comes to this drastic conclusion – though, whereas Mr Johnson would like the policing of the area to be transferred to the United Nations, he prefers Western collaboration with King Saud. On the subject of oil and pipeline agreements, they quote the same statistics and come to the same conclusions, though here Mr Johnson has much more to say. Even Israel fails to stimulate any controversy; both put forward the same rather unconvincing 'solutions' as the rest of us. Finally, Mr Nutting, who included North Africa in his tour, is as unequivocal as Mr Johnson in his condemnation of French policy and asserts that complete independence for Algeria is the only solution.

How is it possible for Anthony Nutting, with his Achesonian doctrine of Containment, and Paul Johnson, with his fiery Leftism, to disagree so little? The answer is that, starting from opposite extremes, they have been driven by the sheer force of facts to the same conclusions. Now that the United States has taken over the Middle East and backed the Kings against the Colonels, the Right-wing Tory rebel and the Left-wing Socialist both hope that the Americans won't lose and fear that they will. Now that Britain has abandoned her paramountcy, both see on the spot how dangerous it is to retain commitments on the Persian Gulf when we no longer possess the forces to defend them. And finally, Mr Nutting, who is a man of considerable intellectual courage, now accepts the Leftist contention that any Western rapprochement with the Arab world will remain impossible until the French give way in Algeria.

One lesson to be drawn from these two brief but extremely illuminating books is that those who believe that a Labour Foreign Secretary could make a clean break with bi-partisan policy in the Middle East may be in for a disappointment.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Polythene-Packed

Principles and Persuasions. By ANTHONY WEST. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 21s.

Punch is a prose *New Yorker*; and so is the *New Yorker*. Or at least, it never quite lives up to the legend of lightning wit and fanged sophistication that emanates from names like Woollcott, Parker, and Perelman, from the Algonquin Round Table, and from all those opulent advertisements for superfluous adjuncts to *le high-life*. Even its air of ultra-smartness, as city-bred hecklers have pointed out, has always been partly that of the country cousins duding up to impress less snappy dressers back home. Many of its writers, in fact, like many of its readers, hail from the Middle West. The late Harold Ross, its founder and first editor, was an obstreperous leg man born in Aspen, Colorado; and, although no

CONSTABLE

Bruce Marshall

The Bank Audit

"This time he has come up with a winner. I think this is **his best novel to date.**"
John Raymond (*New Statesman*)

"A splendidly professional account of the struggle by a firm of British chartered accountants to discover a putative fraud in Paris . . . I never would have believed that I could be fascinated by the techniques of an audit; **but that was before I read Mr. Marshall.**"
John Metcalf (*The Sunday Times*)

"Mr. Marshall was a chartered accountant in Paris between wars, which explains his easy grasp of the subject, but it doesn't explain **the positively Balzacian spell he casts over it.**"
John Davenport (*The Observer*)
2nd. imp. 18s.

Smoke in the Lanes

Dominic Reeve

"Dominic Reeve shatters for ever the 'Romantic Romany' legend created by George Borrow in *Romany Rye* and *Lavengro*. He does not pull his punches anywhere, whether writing of the Romanies and Didikais or of the Gaujes—those of us who live in houses, outside the secret world of the travelling people."
Tom Jones (*Western Mail*)

"I have now read this book three times and each time with more absorbed interest. Here is personal experience lived and savoured to the full by a sensitive man who writes exceptionally well . . . He has written a most important book, a social document of the greatest value."
Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald (*Birmingham Post*)
Illus. 21s

The Triumphant Heretic
ERNST HALPERIN
"His book is probably the best and certainly the most ingenious written about Yugoslavia in recent years. He grasps firmly the mainstay of Yugoslav politics: that Tito and his associates are determined to maintain their dictatorial position."
A. J. P. TAYLOR, *New Statesman*. 30s.

The Centenarians
GILBERT PHELPS
"Certainly the most remarkable book I've read of late. Its subject is obviously the most interesting, exciting and important one of our immediate age . . . What a brilliant idea."
JOHN COWPER POWYS. 15s.

HEINEMANN

HANS
SEDLMAYR

ART
IN CRISIS

'An important book about which a good deal of heat is likely to be engendered . . . consistently, stimulating'
THE TIMES

49 illustrations
35s. net
HOLLIS & CARTER

namby-pamby at the poker table, he was always careful to keep the *New Yorker* 'a family magazine', as it still is. Despite its gloss and its knowingness, it's always kept close to the cracker-barrel, and remains a bastion of the commonsense American virtues. This seems to anger the minority of readers who mistake it for *Partisan Review*; and it's customary nowadays in many circles to deprecate 'the typical *New Yorker* short story'. But granted that the paper may be, as Ross once said of it, 'in a plush-lined rut' (an equivocal monument to its rewrite men), nevertheless it serves the cause of literacy and what can only be called, for want of a better word, culture. Some of its weekly reviewing, for instance, is better-informed and less snobbish than much of what's published over here: only when it's judged as criticism rather than reviewing do the limitations of its method and basic assumptions begin to jar.

Mr Anthony West is one of the *New Yorker's* journeyman reviewers; and *Principles and Persuasions* is a collection of his reviews, subtitled rather grandly 'The Literary Essays of Anthony West'. The range of his learning, says the blurb, is 'prodigious'. He's not exactly the busy man's Macaulay, but he writes with assurance on a number of topics from Churchill's memoirs to Machado de Assis, and from *The Last Hurrah* to Hermes Trismegistus. His job in each case is usually to summarise the book he's reviewing, set it in its period, and present some reasoned verdict or argument for the reader to take away. His technique is deft, brisk, and accomplished: there's no ring-around-the-rosy by-play, no throw-away amateurism, no tell-tale evidence of not having read the book, such as is sometimes found in comparable English publications. American virtues triumph – honest craftsmanship, and what Leslie Stephen, here quoted, called 'a masculine grasp of facts'. The latter is especially refreshing: it enables Mr West to scout, for instance, the customary platitudes about H. G. Wells. He shows, by selected quotations, that Wells was not a naive optimist who turned sour at the end, but rather a lifelong realist who tried to be optimistic in his middle years. In other essays, he quite properly exposes the unconscious bias in Claude Bowers's *My Mission to Spain*, the sketchy irrelevancies in Dos Passo's book on Jefferson, the special pleading in Professor Irvine's study of Darwin and Huxley, the shifty ethics of Edwin O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah*, the drivelling obscurantism in some of Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Irony of American History*. All this is good sharp detective work; and the same alert competence elsewhere gives the *New Yorker* reader most of what he wants to know about Lesley Blanch on Harriette Wilson, Cecil Woodham-Smith on Lord Cardigan, Rupert Hart-Davis on Hugh Walpole, and Denis Johnston on himself in World War II. Like poultry in a supermarket, each book is plucked, gutted, and wrapped in polythene. If the process becomes a little monotonous, it's nonetheless useful and hygienic.

CHATTO & WINDUS

A Love Affair in Rome

ERCOLE PATTI

The disrupting effects of jealous infatuation in the relationship between an Italian aristocrat and a small-part actress. *13s 6d net*

Albertine in the Lions' Den

NICOLE

A bored provincial wife in pursuit of love in Paris. This witty and malicious divertissement is a best-seller in France.

John Davenport 'Genuinely amusing'. *13s 6d net*

The British Political System

ANDRÉ MATHIOT

A most timely study of British politics and government by a distinguished French political scientist. *30s net*

THE HOGARTH PRESS

This sounds snide, and it's meant to. Competence of that order, after all, is only part of the reviewer's equipment. If he republishes his reviews as 'literary essays', he must expect to be judged on his overall ability as a critic. And in Mr West's case, at least, it's here that the *New Yorker's* American virtues, admirable so far as they go, begin to reveal their shortcomings. They're not helped, either, by a good deal of trumpeting in the Preface about 'clearing away the honeysuckle' from established literary figures. I'm all in favour of this, if it's done with intelligent understanding. I'm pleased to see a plain man's rather hostile view of Miss Compton-Burnett, and to hear someone protest against the sickroom sexuality of François Mauriac's novels. But I'd be a good deal happier if the objections raised didn't depend upon essentially simple-minded notions of 'plausible action' and 'life itself'. Disquiet is deepened by the way Mr West goes overboard for Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* – 'undeniably a major work of art'. It turns to incredulity at his grotesque treatment of Alfred de Vigny and his patronising underestimate of George Orwell, who gets it in the neck for 'remorseless pessimism'. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is conveniently explained away in terms of Orwell's prep-school, and Orwell himself is dismissed as 'hysterical' for predicting in the Thirties (like Auden, among others) the horrors of the war. But silliest of all are Mr West's sneers at Dickens and George Eliot, due I suppose to lack of historical imagination and deafness to the cadences of nineteenth-century prose. Seen thus through blinkers, *Hard Times* becomes an 'attack . . . on education and Parliament' (instead of on 'the calculating faculty'), and George Eliot becomes a sanctimonious hypocrite writing graceless best-sellers. Thus far can the virtues of the plain man's approach be perverted – into philistinism of W. C. Fields proportions. Perhaps it wouldn't matter if Mr West were only a cracker-barrel critic: but what's alarming is that this plausible nonsense comes along with the rest of the merchandise, polythene-packed from the supermarket, frozen-fresh, and ready to swallow.

RICHARD MAYNE

Ronald Knox's Oxford satire, *Let Dons Delight*, which first appeared early in 1939, has been republished by Sheed & Ward (12s. 6d.). Another new edition is 'Baron Corvo's' *Don Tarquinio* (1905) which has been re-issued by Chatto & Windus (12s. 6d.).

Magnum Opus

America as a Civilisation. By MAX LERNER. *Cape. 50s.*

Mr Lerner's study of American civilisation deserves more than respect: he has woven into it a lifetime of reading and reflection, and he has produced the best survey of past and present America yet written. He can explain, analyse and relate a huge mass of detail – a glance at the splendid bibliography may give English readers some idea of his ten-year task. It is a book which combines all his great talents as a teacher and a journalist.

I know nothing which could give the English reader more insight into the complexity of American life, nor more valuable detail to destroy our misconceptions about the 160 million people across the Atlantic who happen to speak a variant of our language. But, that said, I must confess to a difficulty that may plague me more as a reviewer than it may bother the reader who is free to dip and skip through a thousand pages. This book is so big, and so comprehensive, that it defies a conventional review. It is, in fact, a set of volumes bound in one cover, and if Mr Lerner could have been persuaded to issue, say, six separate books, each could have been read in its own right.

The first 200 pages are brilliant. Mr Lerner's thesis is that American civilisation is something essentially different, fresher and, in most ways better, than anything man has elsewhere created. (Do not assume, however, that this is vainglory. It is a case that it will be hard for any reader of this book to shake.) And his discussion of the place and the people sets the stage for his argument that America is a pluralist society incapable of definition in the categories of European political ideas or experience. The subsequent sections are designed to support this argument with special studies – I take only a few examples – of the economy and the political system, of classes and minorities, religious and moral ideas, television, foreign policy, the status of women, the quality of small town life and American tastes in food and reading. Offhand, I cannot think of a single aspect of American life which, to me, seems important that is not neatly locked into its place. Much that is in this book, of course, will be known to those who have read widely in Americana. But nowhere else is there such a synthesis.

Mr Lerner is an optimist. He believes, as Emerson said a century ago, that 'we think our civilisation is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cockcrowing and the morning star'. And this optimism prevails even in face of his strictures on conformity and intolerance, the neurotic search for status, widespread mental stress, the emphasis on money, consumption, power. The critic of the United States cannot accuse Mr Lerner of basking only on the bright side of the moon, but even one who believes, as I do, that he has come nearer than any living writer to getting the 'feel' of America right must ask whether in the end his optimism is not founded as much on hope as on conviction. The American, he says, will 'not tolerate the fate of being boxed in, like a trapped rat. He will somehow break free, even if the new independence he must win is an independence from vested power groups within and the threat of world anarchy without . . .' So far, the United States has reached what Maury Maverick has called 'freedom plus groceries'. What lies beyond? Those who fear that it may be the Age of Insects may take heart if Mr Lerner is right.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Steelclad Tournament

Jutland. By DONALD MACINTYRE. *Evans.* 18s.

It is almost as dangerous to discuss the battle of Jutland as it was to take part in it. It is not quite yet history. Captain Macintyre has every right to claim that his account is unbiased, but it will still arouse memories of passion, if not passion itself. For if his book was to be of any value at all, he was bound to ask the inflammatory question, who won? Neither side won, he replies, because the battle was never fought out. But if neither side won, did Jellicoe fail to win by error or misfortune, did Scheer escape by luck or by skill? And immediately we are involved in the details of the battle, details which would only have been dull if skimped.

Churchill's wonderful account of Jutland in *The World Crisis* laid the blame squarely on Jellicoe. 'His control disappeared as a guiding power,' he wrote, 'and only remained as a check on the enterprise of others.' On three separate occasions, he wrote elsewhere, Jellicoe missed an opportunity to annihilate the German Fleet. Once by deploying his Dreadnoughts to port at the start of the main battle; again, by turning away to avoid Scheer's destroyers, when he should have burst through them to complete the rout; and a third time, after nightfall, when he ignored the many indications that Scheer was passing across his wake to the safety of the German harbours. Captain Macintyre confirms in more moderate language the truth of the second and third of these criticisms. Of the first he says that Jellicoe's deployment was 'a masterpiece of manœuvre that has rarely been equalled and never excelled', and he softens Churchill's wounding comparison between Beatty and Jellicoe, by speaking of 'Beatty's defeat by a much inferior German force' in the first phase. Nobody had dared to talk like that about Beatty before.

The real hero of the Macintyre version is Admiral Scheer. He allows him one mistake, in miscalculating the position of the British Fleet when he returned to the attack at 7 p.m. Otherwise, Scheer bluffed and bludgeoned his way out of a desperate situation with amazing skill and determination. He had never sought a stand-up engagement with the Grand Fleet, and turned tail when it occurred by accident, because he knew himself to be inferior in numbers, armament, speed and Intelligence. He was Rommel at Alamein, and his greatest advantage was that Jellicoe was not Montgomery.

The Jutland story turns every reader into an analogist, and on his choice of analogy depends his view of which side won. A light-heavyweight (Scheer) who finds himself by mistake in the ring with a heavyweight (Jellicoe) and survives the bout without dishonour or defeat can, in a moral sense, be called the victor. That is one view. But if two rival gangs clash, and, after a short fight in which the stronger suffers more casualties, the weaker flies for shelter and never re-emerges except to fly again, the stronger gang has won. That is the other view.

But the analogy game is deceptive. Jutland was unique, and the only battle between huge fleets of steelclads that has ever taken place, or ever will. In spirit it was nearer Trafalgar than Matapan, as the published log-books show ('*Where are Enemy's ships?*' Reply, by flags: '*Suspicious ships south*'). Captain Macintyre has perfectly caught the pre-aircraft, pre-radar atmosphere, and his narrative demands, and from me almost received, an all-night sitting.

NIGEL NICOLSON

FOCUS ON FAME

Antony Beauchamp

The world-famous photographer's personal story—and his finest camera-studies. Completed just before his death in 1957. *65 pp. of illus.*

25/- net.

"POMMIE" MIGRANT

Sydney Hart

The entertaining true adventures of a young English migrant in Australia. *9 pp. of illus.*

18/- net.

ODHAMS

KATHLEEN
SULLY
Merrily To The Grave

John Betjeman: "Kathleen Sully is above all things a born writer. This explains the mystery of her being able to hold one from her very first sentence to her last." *Daily Telegraph* 12*s.* 6*d.*

ALLAN
SEAGER
Hilda Manning

Philip Oakes: "Well-written full-length study of a woman like a candle-flame, powerless to prevent assorted moths frying themselves to a crisp." *Evening Standard.* 15s.

CHARLES
EINSTEIN
No Time At All

A giant airliner vanishes

John Metcalf: "The pace is quick, the dialogue is brisk, the suspense is sustained." *Sunday Times.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

PETER DAVIES

THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
• FOR BOOKS •

FOYLES RECORD DEPT. GOES GAY!

London's gayest record showroom is open now at Foyles—incorporating the newest and most fascinating ideas in record buying. In Foyles new showroom you can hear your favourite records in exciting modern listening-booths with absolutely faultless reproduction. This, without doubt, is going to be the most popular record rendezvous in town. You must come and see it!

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)
Open 9-6 (Mon. 9-7)
Record Dept closes 1 p.m. Thursday

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

2 first novels acclaimed

Marshal Pugh
A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS

Paul Ferris
A CHANGED MAN

Hutchinson

ANGRY YOUNG MAN
Evolution for Beginners

MICHAEL BYROM'S wrath is witty, vitriolic, widely directed, yet constructive. An A.Y.M. with something to say. Feb. 24. 10s 6d.

HOMOSEXUALITY
Judge Not

AYMER ROBERT's serious autobiographical study. 16s.

An *Observer* 'Book of the Year'
"Full of enlightenment." *Medical Review.*

LINDEN PRESS
11/14 Stanhope Mews West, S.W.7

Michael Roberts

Collected Poems. By Michael Roberts. Edited by Janet Roberts. *Faber.* 18s.

Michael Roberts died in 1948 at the age of 46. This collection of poetry and his wife's memoir of his life give a vivid idea of the man, and what a loss his early death was to his generation, and the generation which followed. He was a remarkable man and a remarkable poet, and for his time a very unusual one.

> Morals, science, poetry, beliefs, politics, education, could never for him be self-contained and independent territories [Janet Roberts says] and his interest focussed particularly on the points at which they impinged: where science affects the language of poetry, where education reflects the beliefs we live by, where poets speak of the things which politicians will later be forced to notice, where emotional desires and impulses condition what we like to think of as rational acts of policy.

No writer since Michael Roberts's time has dealt with these problems, which are central to our age, with the same urgency and intelligence. He was forced to wrestle with them by his need to know and understand, as well as by something in his character to which the difficult, whether a mountain to be scaled, or a problem tackled, or a piece of work done, was a challenge:

A man should use every nerve and muscle,
A man should puzzle out the hardest questions,
A man should find words for the thoughts that no one knows.

A temper of this heroic kind was bound to isolate him from his contemporaries. 'He had plenty of friends', Janet Roberts says, 'of whom he was very fond, but he never seemed particularly dependent on them, and one could never think of him as one of a group. He was a lonely figure, and immensely self-reliant.'

He was never a typical representative of the Thirties, either as a poet or a thinker, though it was in his two anthologies, *New Signatures* and *New Country*, that the world grew aware of the early Auden, Spender and Day Lewis. He recognised the new poetry as a valid response to its time, but the heroic temper is more than contemporary, for it looks towards ends. Poetry was to Michael Roberts:

> an answer to the unanswerable questions: the recurrent 'why' to which our science gives no answer. . . It finds the true names for things, the names that speak, not the mere labels of enumeration. . . . It is the source of power, the pressure of the wind and falling water, the passion of fire, not the great dynamos.

It chooses the ends, accepting the risks of choice:

It is a road only for the broken, or the strong.

This is the note of Michael Roberts's poetry, and makes it unlike any other poetry written by his generation. The ends were to be reached, even when they were feared, indeed especially then. This recognition recurs again and again:

And when the tree fulfils its summer blossom,
When the viola speaks its own perfection,
When the face of man is lifted up and smiling,
The astronomy of pain will stand unaltered.

Or in a different image:

Serene and fragile as a moment's vision,
The form that dies in childhood and survives:
Held against rain and sun, the tower stands,
Forever held, forever falling.

In the tension between acceptance and tragic perception, strange and sometimes frightening images emerge that seem to oppose but really supplement one another:

The cornflower grew so tall, the corn was stifled,
The corn grew black with rust, and time was ripe:
There was no scythe nor sickle in the field at all. . . .

Between the factory hooter and the snub-nosed bullet,
Under the shadow of the guns, the corn ripens
And folly cannot die, but cannot grow forever.

The 'Last Poems', now collected for the first time, are full of this strange and visionary imagery:

I have seen the still water, like the eyes of heroes,
Here, on the other side of the wall, within six inches. . .

All things will vanish on a summer day:
The meadow and the pathway and the churchyard. . . .

The first two lines are from 'Time's Other Country', the second two from 'Tignes: 1946', a memory of the valley which was drowned when the RAF bombed a great dam during the war, but the image in also an image of time, which will take everything away. The vision is a tragic one, but the heroism of practice remains:

A man should use every nerve and muscle.

In this volume Janet Roberts's memoir and Michael Roberts's poetry supplement each other. We are shown the man, and we recognise him again in the poetry. He was more many-sided than any of his contemporaries, yet the epithet does not fit him. He was rather a man who put all of himself into everything he did, and with full force into his poetry. It expresses a dauntless spirit and it will not be forgotten.

Edwin Muir

Spinster
SYLVIA ASHTON-WARNER
"The story of a schoolteacher among Maori children—but it is so much more. It is alive with passion and beauty; it has a poetic quality that reminds me of Emily Dickinson so precisely does it register a special kind of emotion."—**Sir Herbert Read.** **Monday.** **18s.**

Kaywana Blood
EDGAR MITTELHOLZER
"Quick-to-strip heroines, black magic and insanity on the old plantation . . . undeniable narrative power."—**Philip Oakes,** *Evening Standard.*
"It is an enormous novel, remarkable for its scholarship and research."—*Birmingham Mail.* **21s.**

The Last Year
ERIKA MANN
A fascinating interpretation by his daughter of the personality of Thomas Mann and his ideas as they crystallised during that year. **Monday.** **10s. 6d.**

Corsair Country
XAN FIELDING
"This is an excellent travel book. . . . It may also affect its readers' opinions on the rights and wrongs of the case for the French colonies."—*Birmingham Mail.* *Illustrated.* **25s.**

Secker & Warburg

They Were Different

The Square Peg. By Irving Wallace. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

The 'square pegs' are American eccentrics, to whom Mr Irving Wallace had the happiest possible introduction when, at the age of sixteen, he heard Wilbur Glenn Voliva pronounce that 'the world is flat as a saucer'. His word was not without weight. In Zion City, of which he was absolute ruler, no one might whistle, wear short dresses or high heels, smoke, obtain drugs, find a hospital or a cinema, buy ham, oysters, or liquor, or stay out of doors after 10 p.m. Infringement of any of these prohibitions would bring arrest by the Prætorian Guard (with 'Patience' inscribed on their helmets) and a stiff fine. This was in 1912, not fifty miles from Chicago.

'How about ships disappearing over the horizon?' asked the young Wallace. 'They don't,' replied Voliva, gleaming, 'with field-glasses you can see them twenty-five miles out.' Thereupon it was not so surprising to learn that Antarctic explorers all disappear because they fall off. After this initiation the pursuit of rarified human monsters became Mr Wallace's passion. He is, it appears, for three-quarters of the year a Hollywood script-writer.

This hobby-book contains biographies of the eight Americans who have come uppermost in his researches. One self-styled Baron tried to found a Greek state in Trinidad, and also wrote about suicide with a persuasion to which he himself succumbed. Another was the original of Verne's Phineas Fogg, first man to travel round the world in eighty days, and over-ready to repeat the performance. Then there was the lady—stockbroker, tart, and spiritualist—who stood for President. The first Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, among his earliest acts, abolished Congress. Miss Bacon, preferring her own name to Shakespeare's, inaugurated the whole Baconian daydream, reached Stratford with the intention of rummaging the false bard's tomb, but tragically refrained. A veteran of the Civil War, who conceived the earth to be hollow, inhabited by men, and well stocked with vegetables, proposed entering it by a 4,000-mile-wide tunnel at the North Pole, but unfortunately never got as far. A woman editor caught a President bathing in the nude, interviewed him, and afterwards—for other exploits—was tried to be ducked as a common scold. Lastly there is the merchant who successfully exported coals to Newcastle and warming-pans to the West Indies, and, hating punctuation, wrote a sub-masterpiece without it. I have omitted names, which will be new to most English readers and which they can discover for themselves. This is unexplored country, and Mr Wallace writes not only zestfully but with twinkling sympathy.

In his introductory chapter—one of the best, by the way—he glances admiringly at some English eccentrics, the ancestry of his own brood; Edward Montagu, who as a boy could curse in Turkish and at thirteen took his Oxford landlady for mistress; William Beckford with his mania for towers and (no doubt the two go together) aversion from women; Waterton, who sped through the Brazilian jungles on bare feet to capture a python with his braces, and, at the age of 80, as described by Norman Douglas, still climbing trees in Wiltshire 'like an adolescent gorilla'. Ours is the aristocratic tradition; and what better leader could we wish (though not mentioned by Mr Wallace) than the fifth Duke of Portland? His habitual three suits (one on top of the other), diet of a chicken a day, profound tunnellings, and the tiny coach with blinds down and drawn by six ponies make him pre-eminent. It was, one feels, only bad luck if he was *not* also Mr Druce of Baker Street.

Where Mr Wallace's exemplars differ from ours is that so many of them, starting with nothing, made huge fortunes despite and even in some cases because of their eccentricity. Should we be surprised that in the land of opportunity success and lunacy are not fatally divided? Is it so unnatural that a man worth 20,000,000 dollars should think the earth flat or decide to abolish commas? That at any rate is the particular lure of Mr Wallace's 'square pegs'.

G. W. STONIER

New Novels

Julio Jurenito. By ILYA EHRENBURG. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18s.

A Love Affair in Rome. By ERCOLE PATTI. *Chatto & Windus.* 13s. 6d.

The Bankrupts. By BRIAN GLANVILLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

Felix Walking. By HILARY FORD. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 13s. 6d.

Ehrenburg's *Julio Jurenito* was first published in 1922, when the writer, aged thirty-one, was a cosmopolitan avant-gardiste. It was the product of his own wartime and civil war experiences, in Paris, and in and out of Russia, both white and red. It is a very lively, shapeless, picaresque novel of ideas, with marked contemporary French influences, surrealist precursors, among them, possibly, Jarry. The trend is anarchistic with the satire sprayed freely all round the clock.

The figure – you can scarcely call him a character – of Julio Jurenito, the Master, or the Teacher, as this translation calls him, is partly based on the robust Mexican painter, Diego Rivera. He careers across the Europe of the period with disciples, including a Negro page-boy, Mr Cool, an American missionary-capitalist, and Ercole Bambucci, an Italian layabout, and Ehrenburg telling the story himself in a wandering Jew role. (Meanwhile the new Master, Stalin, resting up after the civil war, used to go to ground with his pipe under the table in the Kremlin kitchen.)

That Ehrenburg should have allowed the book to be re-translated is presumably another symptom of the thaw. But in the relatively liberal period of Bolshevik culture when it was first published, it formed a bridge between him and the new regime. When the Jurenito circus arrives in Russia they have a brush with the Cheka and are put in a concentration camp and Ehrenburg finally disposes of the Master by getting him murdered in a provincial town for a pair of boots. But he is careful to praise the Party and the revolution for its aims of order and a solid system. And the leading Communist whom they interviewed is shown in a sympathetic light, reacting to the need for violence with 'the sincere regret of a man who probably had the kindest possible heart and had never personally hurt anyone in all his life'.

How seriously are we meant to take the ashes which Ehrenburg scatters on his own head? 'Ilya Ehrenburg, author of mediocre poems, journalist who had written himself out, coward and renegade, petty hypocrite, dirty bounder with the soulful eyes of an idealist, was weeping on a railway carriage bench . . .' This suggests the Wailing Wall; in its context, however, it is rather more of a burlesque turn. The book re-reads remarkably well on the whole, and merits its place in the history of the literature of the period. It catches exactly the Waste Land spirit. A lot of it is very funny and it is packed with ideas – Ehrenburg has always been clever as a cageful of monkeys. Yet it is rather laboured. It does not impress you as a natural, congenital novelist's book; it never makes you feel that a great European novelist was lost when Ehrenburg put his pen at the disposal of the Communist Party.

The lucidity and appositeness of the best Italian films is one's first association to *A Love Affair In Rome*. This is a delightful short novel, fresh and lyrical, briskly realistic. The lovers are Marcello, a young Roman of good family, and Anna, a small-part film actress whose deliciously casual charm is brilliantly communicated. You cannot call her a nymphomaniac, whatever that much abused word may really mean, but she certainly can't say no in any language. She comes in and out of Marcello's life and nothing, not even having an affair with the daughter of her oldest lover, can really get her out of his skin. It ends in the right kind of fade-away and is all very neatly and delicately done without any sentimentality or vulgarity.

The two indigenous novels are both reasonably promising, if rather lacking in distinction. *The Bankrupts* is a study of family life in the upper income brackets of Golders Green. Rosemary Friedman, daughter of Orthodox Jewish parents, breaks away from home to live with Bernard, a young literature teacher. He is killed in Israel before they can marry, leaving her pregnant. Mr Glanville writes efficiently and readably; Rosemary is nearly if not quite a round character. The emptiness of life in the Friedman household is described in much detail. There is a particularly fearsome scene in an expensive Jewish family hotel. Nevertheless, there is something distinctly contrived about the whole situation of these people; the essential organic quality just isn't there. Mr Glanville obviously knows his milieu, but he is too eager to score against a certain kind of London Jewish bourgeois philistinism.

Felix Walking is a light, bright, satirical farce, an essay in the Lucky Jim vein. It is told chattily by Sally, who shares a flat with Trixie, and is secretary to a publisher whom everybody calls W.B. Felix is a young angry (I shall continue to use this specious but convenient label even though it makes the angries simply furious) whom she has known for years. W.B. accepts his novel and you get plenty of the humours of publishing-office life, dodging difficult authors. It rattles on zestfully enough with plenty of dialogue and a suspicion of whimsy.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,460 **Set by Pluto**

Mr Graham Greene has introduced us to the Whisky Priest; Mr Kenneth Tynan has countered with the Whisky Critic; competitors are invited to give an extract from the soliloquy of a Whisky Marxist, a Whisky Rationalist, a Whisky Analyst, a Whisky Zen, a Whisky Petitioner, a Whisky Vegetarian, or a Whisky Angry. Limit 150 words of prose; entries by March 4.

Result of No. 1,457 **Set by Hilbrian**

Rossetti used to append sonnets to his pictures. The usual prizes are offered for a verse (limit 14 lines, but not necessarily a sonnet) on any one of the following portraits: Whistler's Mother; John's Madame Suggia; Lamb's Lytton Strachey; Sutherland's Lord Beaverbrook; Annigoni's Princess Margaret.

First English publication . . . . .

STALIN'S CORRESPONDENCE
with
CHURCHILL, ATTLEE, ROOSEVELT, TRUMAN
1941-1945

These historic letters and documents shed much light both on the whole conduct of World War Two and on the secret inner tensions which were to play so great a part in determining the course of later events.

25s

CHANGING CHINA
Michael Shapiro

A book that not only describes but also explains what is happening as a quarter of the world's people reconstruct their system of society.

15s

NO TIME FOR SLEEPING
David Lambert

A novel of unusual quality, in which the author continues the saga of Clydeside in the 1930's, begun in his first book, *He Must So Live.*

10s 6d

ON RELIGION
Marx and Engels

A collection of the writings of Marx and Engels on the nature of religion, its origins and role in social life. Includes hitherto untranslated works.

4s

From all booksellers

LAWRENCE & WISHART

Myth & Guilt

THEODOR REIK'S

"An absorbing book for people who are fascinated by the age-old echoing mysteries which have perplexed all mankind—and which perplex us still." *Birmingham Daily Mail*

Hutchinson

Company Meeting

NORTHERN DAIRIES LIMITED

RESULTS SHOW CONTINUED PROGRESS

The 9th Annual General Meeting of Northern Dairies Limited was held on February 14 at 287, Beverley Road, Hull.

Mr. A. S. Horsley (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), who presided, said: Our interests have been extended recently by the acquisition of two dairies. One, Saundby Dairy, a No. 1 Supply Depot near Gainsborough where Cheshire Cheese has been made for several decades; here we shall specialise in cheese manufacture thus allowing the Creamery at Holme Moor to concentrate on Condensing, Powder, Butter and Chocolate Crumb. We have also taken over the business of Midland Model Dairy Farm Ltd. This old-established family business with considerable retail trade in and around Nottingham will give us much greater density of retail and wholesale delivery.

To turn now to our figures which show improvements at every point compared with previous years:—

Year	Trading profit £	Profit after depreciation, etc. £	Income tax & profits tax £	Net profit after taxation £
1954	275,894	138,070	49,380	88,690
1955	346,395	187,536	70,395	117,141
1956	367,134	201,503	88,954	112,549
1957	431,311	277,479	111,654	165,825

It will be seen that our profits have risen considerably and thus we feel we can safely recommend a final dividend of 10 per cent. making 15 per cent. for the year. After this distribution our retention figure will have risen from £61,835 in 1956 to £86,119 and this after the transfer of £23,750 from taxed profits to the new Reserve for Depreciation and Replacements.

Strong Cash Position

The shareholders' funds have been increased by £147,723 by the above retention, the realisation of capital profits and the issue of shares on the acquisition of new businesses and to employees who have been given the opportunity of applying their bonuses in taking up new shares. Your Directors have the capital structure of the Company continually in mind.

On the other side of the Balance Sheet, Shareholders will note the strong cash position despite the much higher stock (I am pleased to record that all the extra stock of September 30th has by now been successfully marketed).

Despite the very determined efforts of the National Milk Publicity Council and the trade, liquid milk sales have not greatly improved and during the current year there is every indication that we shall be called upon to manufacture ever increasing quantities of milk.

We have introduced Northern Dairies and Yorkshire Dale packet butter most successfully during the year and their reception has shown that the public is anxious to buy a locally produced butter of first-class quality.

Joint Management Councils

A special effort has been made during the year to improve and strengthen our Joint Management Councils as they add a stability to our firm. Their worth is apparent to all who attend them and we are grateful to the Accounts Dept. for their weekly costing figures which have proved of value to the Works Councils whenever the Manager has been able to put the necessary details before the Works Councillors. I believe that the future prosperity of British industry depends upon this trustful understanding. Its rapid extension will do more than anything else to keep our country from the economic crises to which we have latterly been subjected. This spirit of trust will, I am confident, ensure another good year for Northern Dairies in 1958.

The report and accounts were adopted.

A vote of thanks to the Directors and employees was proposed by Lord John Boyd Orr, F.R.S., and carried by the meeting.

All about
VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM
Special article in
Tribune this week

Report

In Rossetti's case it was the artist who made verses on his pictures; the spectator's, or even the sitter's reaction has unmistakably appealed more to the competitors. Russell Edward's crisp couplet sums up one view of the Royal portrait:

There's just one thing of which I'm still uncertain:
Where *did* he find that dreadful black-out curtain?

Stanley J. Sharpless was equally critical:

Picasso, Braque, Matisse, you've lived in vain,
Your vision's *outré*, your techniques are crimes;
Put back the clock to Great-Great-Grandma's reign,
Top people *like* to be behind the times—

Meanwhile, the artist's own point of view was amusingly, if improbably, expressed by D. Athay and Joan Ackner. Most of the Johns showed the artist well satisfied—Barbara Young scored here; but the other painters were more dubious of their efforts.

Two guineas to Hilary for a delightful interpretation of the Strachey portrait; a guinea to each of the others printed below. Commended are the Johns of Guy Hadley and A. M. Sayers, the Whistlers of Eileen M. Haggitt and Livingstone K. Bluntmore, the Annigoni of Pauline Phillips, the Lamb of Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

LAMB'S STRACHEY

Hunted, you think me? Something you sense of the air
of the stag at bay, the fawn, poised ready to fly?
And perhaps you think you detect the reason why
through the window I turn my back on that sinister pair?
But they're not the only ones who dog me everywhere
in futile hopes that, hunted, I may relent
and number them among the eminent
in my next book; and it isn't for them I wear
this round-eyed look, or handy on that chair
keep hat and brolly. Nor do I fear to meet
the angry ghosts of the mighty put down from their seat—
I fear no bogies! No, if I'm in a scare
it's rather because I strongly suspect that I am
being slightly debunked in my turn by Henry Lamb!

HILARY

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

Sez Ma Whistler to her Jimmy-boy, 'See here now, son', sez she,
'You've painted Limey bridges, but you ain't done painted me.
''Bout Art I don't know nothin', but I know what I prefer—
'Git out your paints and brushes for the Picture of the Year'.

'Aw, shucks', sez Jimmy Whistler, 'do I really have to, ma?
'I never went for paintin' things that look just like they are.
'Think what those darned Pre-Raphaelites would say'—but 'tweren't no use;
When Ma had made her mind up, she'd throw out the best excuse.

His artist pals proclaimed it was the best they ever saw,
But none could recognise it as a picture of his Maw,
And up until they guessed it, to inquirers he would say
'It's called Old Lady Nocturne', not to give himself away.

NORAH BONE

SUTHERLAND'S BEAVERBROOK

Paintings of thorns and thistles I have shown,
All objects spiky, gnarled, to me were dear;
Silk purses of the sow's proverbial ear
I made, and could draw—money—from a stone.

I was prepared to find myself alone,
Friends hesitant to risk their portraits here,
Mixed up with *objets trouvés*, or—worse fear!—
Reduced to Eliotic skin and bone.

Nothing succeeds in this world like success.
Toujours l'audace! L'audace, that's *toujours* me:
Great Churchill I made beautifully less,
And now friend Beaverbrook is in my toils;
His fortunes in his golden features see,
Arrayed in purple, unctuous as my oils.

ARTHUR W. BOWYER

ANNIGONI'S PRINCESS MARGARET

I've given her the thorough regal treatment,
I've dressed her in a fashion most severe,
She said it didn't matter where her feet went,
I said she couldn't have them in this year.

She asked me if I thought it looked too frigid,
I answered that the word was really 'proud';
I told her to remember taste was rigid;
She smiled—I rather think I should have bowed.

She said she thought the mood was called 'romantic',
Ascribed it to the Latin in my vein;
I must admit the thought quite drove me frantic
That all that I had gathered for my pain
Was awe and reputation trans-Atlantic—
And not a single whisper from the Seine.

JOHN ILIFFE

JOHN'S MADAME SUGGIA

Gazing upon this canvas, we recall
A figure borrowed from an antique frieze,
Sublimely heedless of who hears or sees,
Held captive in the unknown music's thrall.
The virtuoso of the concert-hall,
The dark, high-cheekboned, scornful Portuguese,
Playing with effortless, majestic ease,
Lives here for ever. Yet that is not all:
Evoking the response of eye and ear
Both interwoven to a single strand,
The ghost of some Bach melody seems near,
Caught by the magic of the painter's hand,
And in the fusion of two arts we hear
The grave perfection of a saraband.

GEOFFREY G. RILEY

City Lights

Grandma at Guildhall

The Old Lady is becoming garrulous. Warmed by the success of his command performance before Lord Justice Parker, Cameron Fromanteel Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, has attended the annual dinner in Guildhall of the Overseas Bankers Club and delivered an address. You see nothing unusual in that? One paper, let me tell you, thought it the most important news of the day.

The fact of the speech, that is, rather than its contents. Unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, the Governor had little to say about the economic situation which might rouse controversy or interest. The Bank, he proclaimed, stood wholeheartedly behind the Chancellor's declaration that the battle against inflation was only half won. The world outlook had changed, we must be watchful; but come slump, come recovery, our immediate task was still to keep our own house in order and to maintain the value of the currency.

Murmurs of approval from the Overseas Bankers. So much for economic policy. The main business of the evening was to defend Grandma's honour against her vile traducers. On part-time directors, the Governor was for them. We expect them to share our thinking, they work hard: he saw no reason why the country should not go on finding men ready to devote part of their time to public service who would know, without much difficulty, where private interest ends and public duty begins. But he went on, surprisingly, to suggest that representatives of the clearing banks and discount houses might find it embarrassing to serve on the Court of the Bank, and to add – even more surprisingly to those who followed the proceedings of the late tribunal – that the same difficulty did not arise with merchant banks because the Court's decisions have less direct impact on their business.

Now to the brave climax. 'The Bank of England must be a bank and not a study group. The prime requirement must be operational competence. But I most emphatically reject any accusation that the Bank is solely influenced by City and banking interests or that it is hidebound by tradition. *With two former dons from Oxford on our senior permanent staff, not to mention the Deputy Governor, who may still remember something from his 10 years at Cambridge, a charge that the Bank is bereft of professional economic thinking does not bear examination.*' (Sucks to Dr Balogh!)

Should, finally, the Bank tell? Its policy has been to move gradually in the direction of saying more about what it is doing and giving more background – 'for example, I have lately made more public speeches than I did in my earlier years'. Very difficult question, open mind, Radcliffe Committee: 'the Bank will endeavour progressively to meet public requirements'. A notable performance.

* * *

Shipping freight rates – for tramps, that is: liners are organised – have slumped in the past few months. Some rates are now a fifth or less of what they were a year ago. It has been impossible for some time for most operators to cover even their running costs, and there is no sign, despite a steady increase in the number of vessels laid up, of rates climbing back to a profitable level. New tramps, ordered in the enthusiastic past, are swelling the supply of tonnage while the demand for it is falling. Freight rates are largely influenced by European demand for North American coal and grain: coal and grain stocks in Europe are already high and look like becoming higher. Demand for shipping space may revive if the recession goes no further, but there are now so many vessels laid up – including a considerable number of new and efficient vessels – that freight rates are unlikely to rise far. It is scarcely surprising that the Greek shipowners, who together (and largely under 'Pan-Hon-Lib' flags of convenience) control some 60 per cent. of the world tramp fleet, are trying to remedy the situation. Their attempt to reach agreement on a fixed minimum rate failed, since some of them depend more than others on wartime Liberty ships which can operate profitably only at much higher rates than modern vessels; they are now trying to organise a mass lay-up scheme. It seems most unlikely that owners operating under 'thoroughbred' flags will be ready to co-operate – they dislike the Greeks, they have a temporary advantage over them in carrying US aid shipments, and they are no longer making profits to pay taxes on.

Much the same thing has happened to tanker freight rates. World demand for oil rose at less than the estimated rate last year, while the world tanker fleet rose by nearly 15 per cent. The tanker surplus (unless there are mass scrappings of obsolete tonnage) may increase further in the next few years: sad stories are already being told of vessels coming off the stocks and going straight into cold storage. The oil companies, with excess tonnage on their hands, have adopted go-slow tactics to minimise their losses. Historians of the Suez affair should note that a number of large tankers have been deliberately re-routed around the Cape.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 432. To See Or Not To See It

That is the chessplayer's question; and, indeed, the answer as to whether his move rates a ? or a !. My recent reference (No. 426) to a winning move *not* seen by Smyslov has inspired Bruce Hayden to dig out a famous game in which old Tchigorin (beating young Rubinstein at Lodz, 1906), *did* see precisely the same manoeuvre.

(1) P-K4, P-K3; (2) P-Q4, P-Q4; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) B-KKt5, PxP; (5) KtxP, B-K2; (6) BxKt, PxB; (7) Kt-KB3, P-KB4; (8) Kt-Kt3, P-B4; (9) B-Kt5 ch, Kt-B3; (10) P-B3, O-O; (11) BxKt, PxB; (12) O-O PxP; (13) KtxQP, Q-B2; (14) Q-R5, K-R1; (15) KR-K1, P-B5; (16) Kt-K4, P-KB4; (17) Kt-KKt5, BxKt; (18) QxKt, P-K4; (19) Q-R6, B-Q2; (20) Kt-B3, KR-K1; (21) Kt-Kt5, R-K2; (22) Q-B6 ch, R-Kt2; (23) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt1; (24) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (25) RxP, Q-B1; (26) R-K7, Q-B1; (27) R-B7!! [the move Smyslov didn't see], resigns.

Having well earned a chessbook token for himself Hayden has earned one for D. G. Mackay by sending me the score of that gifted young player's interesting game againgst Gligoric at Bognor Regis last year.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-Q3; (3) Kt-QB3, P-K4; (4) PxP, PxP; (5) QxQ ch, KxQ; (6) Kt-KB3, KKt-Q2; (7) B-K3, B-Kt5; (8) O-O-O, BxKt; (9) PxB, P-KB3; (10) P-KKt4, K-K2; (11) Kt-Q2, Kt-R3; (12) P-KKt5, P-KB4; (13) P-KB4, P-K5; (14) Kt-Kt3, P-QB4?; (15) R-Q5, Kt-Kt3; (16) BxP ch, KtxB; (17) RxKt, P-KKt3; (18) P-K3, Kt-Q2; (19) R-Q5, P-QKt3; (20) P-KR4, B-Kt2; (21) R-Q2, Kt-QB4; (22) KtxKt, PxKt; (23) P-R5, P-KR3!; (24) R(2)-R2, RPxP; (25) BPxP, QR-KKt1; (26) PxP, RxR; (27) RxR, B-QB3; (28) R-R7 ch, K-K3; (29) R-QB7 K-Q3; (30) R-B7, B-Q2; (31) B-R3, B-K3; (32) BxP, BxR!; (33) PxB, R-R1!; (34) BxP, K-K2; (35) B-Q5, R-R7; (36) K-Kt1, R-K7; (37) P-K4, R-KKt7; (38) P-K5, RxKtP; (39) P-K6, R-R1; (40) K-Kt2, R-B7 ch; (41) K-Kt3-, KB1; (42) P-R3, K-K2; (43) K-R4, R-QKt7.

Here the draw was agreed, and in the post-mortem Gligoric (White) could find no win after his opponent's excellent 23rd move.

Here's an interesting ending won by our lady champion Anne Sunnucks (White) against Allert Kerje of Sweden. (3b4/8/4Pp2/5P2/P1pk4/7K/2B5/8/.)

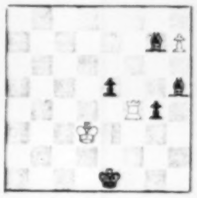
(1) . . . K-B6; (2) P-R5, BxP; (3) P-K7, KxB; (4) P=Q, B-B6 (5) Q-K4 ch, K-Kt6; (6) K-Kt4, B-K4; (7) Q-Kt1 ch, B-Kt7; (8) Q-Q1 ch, K-Kt5; (9) Q-Q6 ch, K-Kt6; (10) Q-Kt6 ch, K-B7; (11) K-B3, B-K4; (12) K-K2, K-B6; (13) Q-K3 ch, K-Kt7; (14) K-Q1, P-B6; (15) Q-Kt6 ch, K-R6; (16) K-B2, K-R5; (17) Q-B5, resigns.

Finally, an amusing brevity sent in by B. Katz of Haifa. The game was played in the preliminaries of last year's Israeli championship, Katz playing Black.

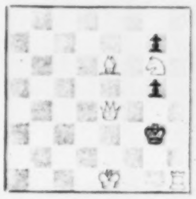
(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-KB3, P-QKt3; (3) P-QB4, B-Kt2; (4) Kt-B3, P-K3; (5) P-K3, B-Kt5; (6) B-Q2, O-O; (7) P-KKt3?, BxQKt; (8) BxB, Kt-K5; (9) B-Kt4, P-QB4; (10) PxP, PxP; (11) B-QR3?.

Now Black forced resignation in a couple of moves. So this might as well serve as A, the 4-pointer for beginners.

B: A. J. Roycroft 1958



C: C. J. Morse 1958



The other two competition pieces, I am glad to say, are also as home-made as they ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week. They rate the usual 6 and 7 ladder-points. **B**, a draw, is a pretty piece by one of our crack solvers, **C** is a suimate in 8, rather neat and not very difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 3 March.

REPORT on No. 429. Set 1 February

A: (1) . . . R-QB1; (2) Q x Q, R x P ch; (3) K-Kt1, R-B8 ch etc.

B: (1) P-Kt7, R-R4 ch; (2) K-Q6!, R-QKt4; (3) B-B6 ch, K-Q1; (4) B x R, B-B1; (5) P - B! etc.

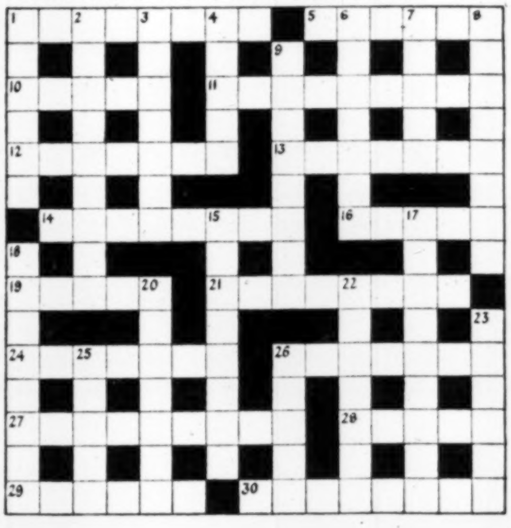
C: (1) R-Q5!, R x R; (2) B-K3!!, R-KKt4 (best); (3) B-B7 ch, R-Kt3; (4) K-R2! etc.,
if (3) . . . K-R3; (4) B-K8 etc.

Many stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by I. Avinery, W. M. Hancock, J. R. Harman, W. Parkin-Moore, C. Sandberg. Equally flawless: E. Allan, J. W. Ecelsen, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 291

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 291, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 4 Mar.



ACROSS

1 Maintained an untidy tidiness (8).

5. War materia which makes a game with most of charity (6).

10 If heardless the good-looking would be thin (5).

11. Judges have them and they have beaks (9).

12. Born to allow woman to talk nonsense (7).

13 A vessel exposes part of the body (7).

14. A person in inverted quotes is concerned with meaning (8).

16 Actor who has a mix-up between nine and five (5).

19. Cell in which to weep before exercise (5).

21. Gift which puts party before country (8).

24. An initial change would turn the metal into bone (7).

26. Rouses the king and comrades in arms (7).

27. Cried like an awkward fellow in bed (9).

28. The children of —— call Bartrum father ' Lamb) (5).

29. Considered me in action (6).

30. Creatures Edward annoyed (8).

DOWN

1. A feeder comes in most of the time to drink (6).

2. Afterwards trust honestly (9).

3. Yachts I wrecked in this country (7).

4. Something hot in the autumn months (5).

6. Sacred book mentioned in a talk or an argument (7).

7. A crude attempt is put to shame (5).

8. Ill-used young lady in confinement (8).

9. Preserve an article I preserve for a West Indian (8).

15. Time and money provide a limit to the washing (8).

17. Player who starts six-love (9).

18. Cleaned the plot where the low bushes are? (8).

20. A finger cover comes in useful to prevent him bleeding (7).

22. Tax on senility? (7).

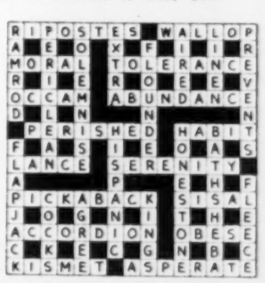
23. When making a foreign port the first thing to do is to change notes (6).

25. Entertain a patroness of the arts (5).

26. Means of communication for artist and historian (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 289



R	I	P	O	S	T	E	S	■	W	A	L	L	O	P
A	■	E	■	O	■	X	■	F	■	I	■	I	■	R
M	O	R	A	L	■	T	O	L	E	R	A	N	C	E
R	■	I	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	E	■	E	■	V
O	C	C	A	M	■	A	B	U	N	D	A	N	C	E
D	■	L	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	N
■	P	E	R	I	S	H	E	D	■	H	A	B	I	T
F	■	A	■	S	■	I	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	S
L	A	N	C	E	■	S	E	R	E	N	I	T	Y	■
A	■	■	■	■	■	P	■	■	■	E	■	H	■	F
P	I	C	K	A	B	A	C	K	■	S	I	S	A	L
J	■	O	■	G	■	N	■	I	■	T	■	H	■	E
A	C	C	O	R	D	I	O	N	■	O	B	E	S	E
C	■	K	■	E	■	C	■	G	■	N	■	B	■	C
K	I	S	M	E	T	■	A	S	P	E	R	A	T	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 289

Miss E. R. Kay (Sudbury), Miss W. M. Barker (London, SW18), J. Walker (Edinburgh 11)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

6s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. 6d. extra. Semi-display £4 10s. per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

C. & J. CLARK LTD

Shoemakers, Street, Somerset, wish to appoint a statistician for statistical and activity sampling in their Time Study and Quality Control Departments.

This is a permanent position carrying generous salary with considerable opportunity for development and for the practical application of statistical research.

Applicants, male or female, should write in confidence, stating age, qualifications and experience, to the Personnel Director by 1 March, 1958.

TAVISTOCK CLINIC
2-6 Beaumont Street, W1

SHORTHAND TYPIST required immediately. A knowledge of psychiatric medical terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

ST CHARLES' HOSPITAL
Ladbroke Grove, W10

Secretary to the Matron required immediately. Shorthand / typewriting necessary.

Salary starts at 23 years and over within the range £415 to £480 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview telephone CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

PADDINGTON GENERAL HOSPITAL
Harrow Road, W9

Shorthand typist required immediately to act as secretary to Director of Physical Medicine, and as receptionist to the Physiotherapy department. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £425 to £480 p.a., according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071, Ext. 10.

BBC requires Assistant in European Talks and English Department, External Services. Duties involve preparation of news stories and talks dealing with every aspect of British industry. Candidates should be able to investigate developments of interest in the industrial field, assess their significance from an international point of view and report on them accurately and lucidly. Writing ability and good basic knowledge of technical matters essential. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.516 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant, Projects and Developments Unit, Audience Research Department. Duties: to assist in the Unit's work in audience research for Television and Sound Broadcasting, which includes sample surveys, and test construction and administration to groups. University degree in one of the social sciences, with knowledge of statistics and their application to social studies, desirable. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £885 p.a. max. If no fully qualified candidate available initial appointment would be on a lower grade. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.514 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

LONDON County Council. Educational Psychologist required with good academic and professional qualifications in educational psychology, teaching experience and ability to lecture and organise classes for teachers. There are particular fields of work in special boarding schools and day classes for maladjusted children and in remedial classes with retarded children. Teacher's Centre, with department for remedial education is being developed. Experience in the field of local authority work desirable. Salary: £962 10s.–£1,482 10s. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms with full details from Education Officer (EO Estab. 2/0), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 5 March 1958. (295.)

RESIDENT Matron required in April, 1958, at Hornchurch Children's Home, Hornchurch, Essex (Group cottage home for 282 children aged 2 to 15). Comparable residential experience and ability to advise on domestic administration is essential. Salary £607 10s. by £30 to £757 10s., less £128 8s. for board, lodging, etc. Single accommodation. Application form and details from Children's Officer, CH/NEDO/161, LCC, County Hall, SE1, to be returned by 28 February 1958.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for adolescent Spastic Centre. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Area Child Care Officer at Swindon. The successful applicant must have had considerable experience in this work and will be required to take charge of the Area Office. Salary £800 per annum. Details and forms from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge. Returnable by 28 Feb., 1958.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Committee. Full-time Psychiatric Social Worker reqd for Child Guidance work initially at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. PTA Quals & salary. Exper. essential. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd add env.) from Area Medical Officer, Elmfield House, High Street, Teddington, Middlesex, returnable by 1 March. Quote W/948 NSN. Canvassing disqualifies.

STEPNEY Family Service Unit requires Secretary responsible to Management Committee for administrative running of Unit working with sixty problem families. Good typing essential. Full time preferred, salary £520, but 4-day week would be considered. Further details 71 Vallance Rd, Stepney, E1.

BRITISH Film Institute requires an editorial assistant in Publications Dept. An informed and enthusiastic interest in the cinema, writing ability, some knowledge of magazine production are important qualifications; professional journalistic experience not essential. Starting salary £600-£700 according to experience. Apply in writing, stating age and qualifications to the Secretary, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.

ADVERTISING Assistant wanted for Machine Tool makers. Knowledge of engineering helpful but not necessary. Able to write copy for catalogues, direct mail pieces, check printer's proofs, keep block and photo records. Accuracy essential. Non-Contributory Pension & Assurance scheme. Write F. J. Edwards, Ltd, 359 Euston Rd, NW1.

COMPANION (f.) 1 mth to friendly intell. lady (40's). £5 p.w. Comf. home NW London (prospect flat later). Box 8208.

DEPUTY Warden, Central London Hostel. General duties. £260 p.a. Full residential emoluments. Apply Secretary, Women's Farm and Garden Association, Courtauld House, Byng Place, WC1.

YOUTH Club leaders, man and woman required for mixed club with junior section in West London. Married couple considered if both qualified. Commencing salary £500. Pension scheme. Apply Box 8213.

THE University of Leeds. Secretary-shorthand typist required for department of History. Responsibility for administrative duties. Graduate preferred. Salary according to age and exp. Apply in writing to Professor J. le Patourel, The University, Leeds, 2.

SHORTHAND Typist required for Collet's Head Office. Salary & conditions acc. TU Agreement: age 21-23 up to £9 5s.; over 23 £9 7s. plus increments. 5-day week. Free superannuation scheme and 3 weeks' holiday after one year. Part-time employment considered. Apply in writing to Collet's, 44-45 Museum St, WC1.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

PT time Shtnd-typist reqd by chtrd Acctnts. Afternoons. Opposite Warren St Station. Telephone EUS. 5691.

SHORTHAND-typist required for busy office dealing with migration and travel. Apply: SA Settlement Association, Grand Bldgs, Trafalgar Sq., London, WC2.

WORK at home available for capable Shorthand-typist able to call each day for dictation for 1 hour, morning or afternoon. Apply SA Settlement Association, Grand Bldgs, Trafalgar Sq., London, WC2.

FILING Clerk, experienced, for busy office. Apply: SA Settlement Assoc., Grand Bldgs, Trafalgar Sq., London, WC2.

EMBASSY reqs. well-educated Secretary, 23-25, for interesting post. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7, Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FRENCHMAN, middle-aged, experienced gardening, maintenance, handicapped children, French coaching. British wife experienced Secretary. Accept joint appointment, but not essential. Suggestions welc. Box 8216.

NON-Orthodox Jewess, age 40, stabilised diabetic, experienced shorthand, typing, good at figures, domesticated, seeks permanent resident situation. Box 8187.

FELLOWSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range of £600 to £1,150 according to qualifications and experience, to take up appointment on 1 October, 1958. Superannuation under the FSSU or otherwise can be arranged. Twelve copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of education, and including 12 copies of two testimonials and/or the names of two referees, should be lodged with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 10 March, 1958. There is no restriction on the scope of research but the Institute has a particular interest at the present time in the field of the education of physically handicapped children. (Applicants from outside the British Isles may send one copy of application only.) E. M. Bettenson, Registrar, University Office, 46 North Bailey, Durham.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be held on 1 and 2 April 1958. Awards ranging from £50 to £200 per annum available for both 11- and 13-year-old entry. A few 11-year vacancies. Applications before 28 February. Further details from Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

A MUSIC Scholarship of £150-£200 per annum is offered at Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants, in September, 1958. Candidates, either boys or girls, must be under 14 in that month and will be required to come to the School for the annual entrance tests at the end of March, 1958, when other scholarships will be available. Applications are particularly invited from violinists. Particulars from the Headmaster.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HOLLAND Park Avenue, W11. Graduate (f.) offers share flat with another or with student. £2 10s. p.w. for large bedsit. room with own entrance to kitchen. Please give particulars of age, work, interests. Box 8297.

FLAT part-furn. 2 rms, kit. & hall. Use bath. Grad. hsehold. Close Willesden Green Stn. £3½. Box 8410.

SMALL Divan rm overlkg gdn. Ckg. fac., heat £2. 93 Randall Av., Neasden.

TOP floor of house, 5 min. Heath & Golders Green station. Furnished, own kitchen, suitable students, teachers. Box 8280.

UNFURNISHED room (f. only) to let in professional woman's flat, W14 area. Telephone, central heating, use of kitchen & bath. £2 p.w. Box 8361.

WANTED third girl to share c.h. furn. flat Baker St area. £3 15s. per week. Tel. WELbeck 4965 before 9 a.m.

BED-sit. for lady, c.h., h. & c., every con. Jewish flat NW3. Box 8346.

CHEERFUL single dbl rooms, ckg facs. Perm. or temp. HAM. 4585. SW1 2684.

2 partly furn. rms, 1 bedrm, 1 sit. rm with kitchen corner. Share bath & w.c. Muswell Hill. Ring after 6 p.m. TUD. 3685.

NR Baker St. small 1-rm flatlet (sgle), no sep. kit. £3 10s. HAM. 8109.

B/S., use kit., b. 30s. p.w. inc. light. Any nationality. NEW Cross 3681.

VERY pleas. room in Highgate flat. Share with 2 young women. Mod. Box 8365.

CLOSE Highgate tube. Furn. single bed-sit kit. H. & C. Reas. MOU. 4680.

KENSINGTON. Sunny B/S in private flat. Own basin H.C. C.H. Use k. WES. 2267.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

SPACIOUS two divan bedsit, leading own kit. Sunny view. Next bath. Coin phone. 4½ gns week. HAM. 4007, 10-11 only. Monk.

LGE. B/s. rm in s/c. flat Maida Vale dist. 50s. incl. Use k. & b. CUN. 9683.

ATTRACTIVE Bed-sitting room. Hanover Gate, Regents Park. AMB. 3320.

YNG. man reqd. to share comfortable flat, NW6. Garden. Tel. Box 8374.

GIRL wanted to share two-room flat, Highgate, with young journalist musician (f.), 37s. 6d. Box 8456.

SOUTH Devon. Superb sunny position overlooking sea & harbour entrance, furn. flat sleeping six. Summer 10-14 gns. weekly. Street, Longford, Kingswear, Dartmouth.

YORKSHIRE, Littondale (Water Babies country), furn. bungalow 2 bedrms, bath, elec. Dalegarth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG Surveyor & wife require a home. Furnished/unfurn. London. FLA. 5534.

N. Lon. Rent/buy s/c furn./unfurn. flat 2-4 rms. Yng. prof. couple. Box 8310.

PROF. man (refs) reqs quiet large b/s., handy Cent. Line. Long let. Box 8368.

WEST Indian & English wife, prof. couple, seek furn./unfurn. flat Hampstead or NW area. Max. rent 4 gns. Box 8376.

3 prof. young men now sharing flat whose lease expires March, sk flat 2 bedr., bath, &c. PAD. 3122 before 9.30/after 6.30.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

SMALL private hotel, famous literary centre Yorkshire. Modernised period house, eight letting bedrooms, large dining tea rooms, flourishing expanding outside catering. Listed British Tourist Board and A.A. Pleasant tourist, American etc. clientele; present owner 14 years; freehold, furnished, nearest £3,500. Box 8221.

S/C. Flat, Sea Front, Southwold, Suffolk. 2 bedrms, all mod. con., usual offices. Ground rent £10 p.a. 99 yrs lease £1,750 o.n.o. Mortgage if required. PAR. 4893 or Box 8369.

HOUSE wanted for purchase, preferably NW London. At least part vacant possession. Box 8143.

CROUCH and Lees, Estate Agents, will be glad to help you find or dispose of flats, hses, etc. 45 New Bond St, W1. GRO. 2917.

PROPERTIES TO LET

TO Let for 12 months excluding August. Furnished cottage in lovely position on Purbeck Hills, Dorset. Electricity and water, but sanitation primitive. 30s. weekly. Box 8390.

UNF. Flat in country house. 3 large sunny rooms, bath, lav. Free now. Rose, Elmore, Speen, Newbury.

FURNISHED let. Isolated cottage, Calne, Wilts. Liv.-room, kit., 3 bedrooms, bath, w.c. 2½ gns. Box 8325.

WHERE TO STAY

CHARMING guest house. Spac. grounds. Beauty spot nr Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Whinnig, Horam.

COOMBE Lodge, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. Vegetarian Guest House on southern slopes of the Cotswolds. Write Kathleen Keleny for brochure.

CORNWALL, nr Penzance. 2 mls superb beach. Lge guest house, children welcome. Open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. Ye Olde Vicarage, St Hilary, Goldsithney.

RYE. Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. Large garden. Own produce. Recreation room. Children welcome. Terms mod. Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos.

RE-OPENING 15 March: Old Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imag. & plent. food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 6-7 gns. George and Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Llanrwst 166.

GLORIOUS Devon. Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, adjacent Barricane shell beach and three miles golden sands, ideal for young and old. Special reduction for early and late season. Also furnished bungalows and flats. Write: M. Garness. 'Phone 44.

KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns. Putting grn. Garages. Superlative food. June 9gns. July/Aug. 10-12gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

FARM Holidays 1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated. 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

POSITANO. Unique opportunity, inexpen. holiday. Picturesque priv. villa overlkg. beach. Artist's paradise. Inform. atmosphere, wonderful food. Ginepro, Casa Mancini.

SCHOOLS

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE, Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays, Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

PERSONAL

SURREY County Council is anxious to place delightful coloured twins, aged nearly 2 years, in a foster home where they can face their future problems with a background of security and love. If you feel you can provide such a home, pref. in or nr Surrey, please write to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. Ref. C/JM/162.

WOMAN with child or children, with secretarial experience, can have good small modernised accommodation in Border Town north of Carlisle and part-time secretarial work. Reliability essential. Sh.-typing an advantage but not essential. Box 8193.

ADAPTABLE Architect wants salaried job. Box 8334.

AU pair. Lady, 50, widow, family flown, wants to be homemaker in another household rather than live alone. Box 8285.

WANTED, young lady, Univ. educated, to act as secretary to 40-yr old businessman wishing improve English during visit UK, March/April. Airmail replies to: Wm Jones, Arassah 19, Alwiyah, Baghdad, Iraq.

MOTHER'S help, free 2 mnths. May. Pref. abroad; sea. Other jobs. Refs. Box 8320.

MIDI, between Nice and Antibes, house and studio to rent. Wilson, Planastel, Cagnes Sur Mer, Alpes Maritimes.

RENT-free bed-sitting room in return occasional help in house and some sitting-in. NW London. Box 8315.

LADY (22), dress pattern cutter, seeks other young lady, view to sharing Continental summer holiday, July/Aug. Box 8140.

WANTED rent house school joint family holiday, 9/10 children (youngest 7), August. Cowhig, 21 Priory Rd, Sale, Cheshire.

OWNER-Driver Austin Microbus seeks party (8) touring Europe informally. Camping or hotels. Prices road-travel only. Dates by arrngmnt. Min. 1 mnth. Box 8084.

EDUCATING couple invite altruistic or lucrative commission in the sun, August. Children? Box 8137.

TELEPHONE & typist available. Confidential service Chelsea. Box 8373.

ORGANISE a party abroad. Hotel available near Interlaken, 5-17 July for 36 persons. For arrangements write Box 8295.

CHILDREN over 3 yrs. old welcomed as paying guests, any duration. Wilson, The Gables, Halland, Lewes, Sx. Tel. 268.

EXPERIENCED journalist, London, sought by Continental cookery expert to collaborate. Press contacts esential. Box 8360.

INDIAN lady returning home wishes dispose of beautiful saris immed. PUT. 0727.

FRENCH conversational practice required, Regents Park district. Box 8345.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Terms mod. Box 8210.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W1.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send today for Free Folder 'What's in It for You'. The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

BED-WETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15 % of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

FOREIGN Language an asset. 'Au Pair' posts for girls—p.g. accom. exchanges avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet.—The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Information from Ethical Union. Box 6574.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

IMPECUNIOUS But Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

PERSONAL—continued

HEBREW, English typing, translations, &c., accepted by ex-sec. NW8. Box 8416.

'I DON'T Know how old I am' said little Joseph. 'I never had a birthday in my life'. He is one of thousands now under our care in Israel. You can help him by sending a donation to: Children and Youth Aliyah, Department P, 233 Baker Street, London, W1.

ENTRIES must be submitted before 27 February to the National Exhibition of Children's Art. For complete details please send a stamped addressed envelope to the Sunday Pictorial, National Exhibition of Children's Art, Fetter Lane, London EC4.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

EGGHEADS theatrical . . . please transfer your consuming gaze to 'Books & Pubs'.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are all interdependent! Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

ROMAN Holiday. Accommodation in attractive private apartment near Colosseum. Room and breakfast 23s. Countess Widman, Via Marco Aurelio 42, Rome.

HOUSE Party Holidays in Britain or Abroad. A chance for a stimulating holiday in pleasant company and attractive scenery at a price you can afford. Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (HP) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

TEENAGE Holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, Kensington, London. Interesting and stimulating courses in acting. Professional Stage Staff. Fees £4 4s. to £7 7s. Syllabus from Director, Miss M. Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon, SW19.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

SIGHT defects corrected without Glasses. Vision improved. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Miss Sage, 76 Twyford Ave, London, N2. TUD. 4776.

INCOME Tax matters attended to, books written up monthly, quarterly, annually, and accounts prepared. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd, London, NW3. HAM. 6666.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American occulist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

THE ADRIATIC COAST OF ITALY

Rimini, Riccione, Cattolica, Gabicce Mare. These are perfect seaside resorts with gently shelving sandy beaches and modern comfortable hotels. Resident CONTOURS representative. Inclusive holidays at really low prices:

14 days by rail .. from £28 15s.
15 days by air (BEA) .. from £45 13s.

Fullest details are in free handbook from:

CONTOURS LTD.
72 Newman Street, London, W1.
Tel. MUSeum 8499.

Sixteen Days' Holiday in Sunny YUGOSLAVIA

From 29½ gns. (By Air 46 gns. incl.) on the Beautiful Island of Katherina. Also Special Student Holidays available. Full details of these and many other fascinating holidays in our Free illus. brochure. Send to Dept. GNS2.

LONDON ATELIER Travel Agency,
1 Manchester Sq., London, W1
(WEL. 9591)

A HOLIDAY in Switzerland for little more than the train fare. Delightful inclusive holidays can be had for as little as 24 gns. for 14 days. Write for illustrated booklet and full details to Dept C.N.S., Swiss Travel Service, Ltd, 69 Ebury Street, Victoria, London, SW1. SLOane 7111.

PORTUGAL, Poland, Turkey, Czechoslovakia. H. F. S., 48 Dalston Lane, E8.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

YUGOSLAVIA & GREECE

17-day conducted air & coach tour to Bled & Opatija 36 gns.
15-day air holiday to Lovran 40 gns.
16-day air holiday via Venice to Bled and Opatija 43 gns.
15-day boat & coach cruise to Opatija, Split & Dubrovnik from 46 gns.
16-day luxury Dalmatian Coast cruise 77 gns.

We have prepared a special booklet of tours to Greece and the Greek Islands—16 days to 28 days from 62 gns. Apply for full details and brochure to:

APAL TRAVEL, LTD. (DEPT. NS)
(In conjunction with See-Yugoslavia, Ltd.)
78 New Oxford St, London, WC1.
MUSeum 9351/2.
287 High Holborn, London, WC1.
CHAncery 4627/8.

BY AIR TO SUNSHINE

You will be able to enjoy 14 full days of sunshine, sea-bathing and Italian gaiety, all for as little as 43½ gns., including air travel. For details of our Sun Flight holidays to Italy and other Charter Air holidays to Spain, Portugal, Corsica and Tangiers, as well as Italian and Austrian bargain holidays by rail (costs from 23½ gns.), contact:

ERNA LOW TRAVEL SERVICE
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road
London, SW7
KEN. 0911 and 9225

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN 1958

We have planned a series of unusual holidays with a spice of adventure about them. We shall be pleased to send a copy of our illustrated programme to people seeking unconventional holidays.

A FEW EXAMPLES

Exploring the Dalmatian islands or Spanish coast by Fishing Boat . . . Canoeing on the Danube . . . Walking tours in the Julian Alps and Karawanken . . . Climbing in the Tyrol and Switzerland . . . Unconventional sight-seeing tours in Sicily, Greece, etc. . . . Walking the 'King's Trail' through Arctic Lapland . . . Holiday Centres in Savoy & Slovenia . . . To Macedonia.

RAMBLERS'
ASSOCIATION SERVICES, LTD.,
48(a) Park Rd, NW1. AMB. 1001.

ITALY & Greece. Easter and summer holidays in Rome and Florence with excursions Pisa-Siena, 15 days, 37 gns. 11 days Florence only 29½ gns. Rome and Naples by air—and many other low-cost opportunities in Italy and Greece. Educational Travel, C. T. Bureau, 36 Hampstead Rd, NW1. S.a.e. plse.

1958 Air Holidays Costa Brava for 39 guineas. Yugoslav Coast for 46 guineas. Southern Spain tour for 50 guineas. The Tyrol for 37 guineas. All holidays include air travel and a full fortnight abroad. Send p.c. for brochure. Wings Ltd., 48a Baker St, NW1. AMB. 1001.

THE sun-drenched French Riviera. Nice, Juan-les-Pins or Mentone. 11-day holiday for only 28 gns. (All-Inclusive). Riviera Holidays Ltd. (NS), 113/114 Shoreditch High Street, London, E1. SHO. 7780.

INCLUSIVE holidays by Air to the Costa Brava, 15 days from £39 18s. Villas and flats also available, sleep four to seven, from 19 gns. weekly. Brochure from Fox Tours Ltd., 1 Dean Street, W1. Tel: GER. 0797.

WHY not try a different holiday this year? Send for our list of interesting and out-of-the-ordinary holidays. Holiday Services, 25 Wormwood Street, EC2.

DON'T be alone on your holiday. Friendship is our speciality. Holiday centres throughout Europe at down to earth prices. Write for brochure. IFL, 13 Peace Haven, Creswick Rd, Acton, W3.

JOIN our Easter Tour to Rome, air/coach, 29 March to 8 April, £39 all in. Summer Tours: by air to Palma, Norway, Vienna. Best value. Helicon Club, 154 Westbourne Grove, W11. (2d. stamp.)

CONTINENTAL Holidays not mass produced. If you dislike group travel you will find our prices and personal service just what you want. Brochure from: Business and Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, WC2. WHI. 4114.

P.S. Spend Easter in Venice! There is still time to join a 'Harold Ingham' party, April 3-19. Inclusive charge 35 gns. Lavishly illustrated programme, including also many summer parties available from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs Dickin, 17a Hermitage St, Crewkerne, Somerset.

'STOP the H-Bomb Race'—new pamphlet by Frank Allaun, MP, 6d. 'Ordeal,' by Mervyn Jones (Trial of Djamila Bouhired), 6d. Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, SW1 (postage 2d. extra).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

EGGHEADS theatrical galore (who pins ups statistical deplore) read 'Encore'. 10s. for 6 issues: Dept. N, 25 Howland St, W1.

YOU can retire on as little as £5 a week—if you know how. Cecil Chisholm's book, 'The £ s d of Retirement,' contains practical advice on saving, investment and then how to make every pound go further. Worth its weight in gold and published by Phoenix, from your bookshop, 12s. 6d.

'THE Linguist,' the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, 'Pages for Practice,' 'Translator's Commentary,' articles, book reviews, etc. 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

'THE Disease of Tobacco Smoking and its Cure' by Dr Lennox Johnston, with a Foreword by Marcus Lipton, MP, 3s. 6d. from all booksellers. Christopher Johnson Publishers, Ltd, 11-14 Stanhope Mews West, London, SW7.

LOOK up your own career in new and vastly interesting Careers Encyclopedia: authority on training, exams, prospects in 240 callings. Ed. Chafle & Edmonds. 688 pages, only 15s. (posted 16s. 9d.) any bookseller, 24 Feb., Cleaver-Hume Press, Wright's Lane, W8.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

FRENCH Book Sale: Fiction, biography, travel, art, etc. Thousands of bargains. 19 February-1 March. List on request. Hachette, 127 Regent Street, W1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32 page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

FOOD AND DRINK

NOTICE the difference it makes to your meals when you add Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

IF you simply ask for sherry, then you deserve whatever you get. If you ask for El Cid, then you get the sherry you deserve. Quite a different thing.

A LONELY Blonde delights in Burgess' Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

THE 'Wineograph' Chart. A classified list of vintages and selected wines and foods. Price 1s. from your wine merchants, or send 1s. direct to 'Wineographs', 1 Crutched Friars, EC3.

Better Books
annual
book
sale
now
in
progress
Don't miss it!

Better Books

94 CHARING CROSS ROAD WC2

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

24 & 26 Feb., at 7.30
THE CARMELITES
(End of Opera Season)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)

25 & 28 Feb., at 7.30
THE PRINCE OF THE PAGODAS

27 Feb., at 7.30, and 1 March at
2.30 & 7.30
SYLVIA

3 March, at 7.30
SCENES DE BALLET, RAKE'S
PROGRESS, THE FIREBIRD

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs at 7.0

25 Feb.	Rigoletto
26, 28 Feb. & 4 March	Falstaff
27 Feb.	Marriage of Figaro
1 & 3 March	The Telephone, Bluebeard's Castle, Gianni Schicchi

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE
SEASON OF ITALIAN OPERA
30 Jan. to 22 March
Evenings 7.30

24 Feb.	IL TROVATORE
25 Feb.	LA SONNAMBULA
26 Feb.	LA FORZA DEL DESTINO
27 Feb.	LA SONNAMBULA
28 Feb.	GUGLIELMO TELL
1 Mar.	LA FORZA DEL DESTINO

OPERA Circle. Debussy's Unfinished Operas. A talk by Edward Lockspeiser with musical illus., Sun., 23 Feb., at 8 p.m. at Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. Parties: Hon. Sec., WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3344. Tues.-Suns. Evgs., 6.30. 'The Iceman Cometh.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. 'Epitaph for George Dillon.' Op. Feb. 25, 'The Sport of My Mad Mother'.

THEATRE in the Round, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W1. Margaret Rawlings in Phèdre. Finishes 1 March. Bookings FLA. 2309.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Fri. Feb. 21, 7, subs. evs. 8, St. 5, 8. Celestina.

TOWER. 7.30. 21, 22, 23 (Mems.), 27, 28 Feb., 1 Mar. Eliot's 'The Confidential Clerk'. Coming: 'Who Cares?' CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Fri., Sun., 7.45. 'The Crucible,' by Arthur Miller. Sat., 7.45, 'Marriage,' by Gogol. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY 23 February. Royal Festival Hall 7.30. Overture Beatrice & Benedict Berlioz; Recit. & aria Gluck; Symphony No. 88 Haydn; Shéhérazade Ravel; Symphony No. 5 Sibelius. Irma Kolassi. Sir Malcolm Sargent. London Symphony Orchestra. Tickets 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191.

BACH-Mozart Programme. Boyd Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London). Director Thurston Dart. Wed. 26 Feb. at 5.45. Tickets: 4s (inc. prog.). Royal Festival Hall. (WAT. 3191.)

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.). Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 20 Feb.: Ford's 'The Searchers' (U). From 21 Feb.: 'The Sweet Smell of Success' (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat. 22 Feb. 'Man on the Tracks.' 3.0, 6.0, 8.30. Members and Associates (5s. p.a.) only.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk. c. 23 Feb. 7 days 'Desired' (X). Fr.-Eng. titles. Ronald Reagan, Oscar Homolka, Prisoner of War(X).

LEWISHAM Film Soc. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Cent. Library. 22 Feb., 7.15, Eisenstein's 'Strike'. Guests 3s. 6d.

ST PANCRAS Arts Festival. St Pancras Town Hall. Wed. 26 Feb., at 7.30. Boris Godunov (Cert. 'U'). Screen version of Moussorgsky's opera in colour. Leading artists, choir and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. Tickets: 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. from Town Hall (TER. 7070) and St Pancras Public Libraries.

CHINESE Spring Festival—Lantern Party, Chinese Boxing, Story Teller, Folk Songs, Dancing, etc. Saturday, 22 Feb., 7.30 p.m. The Hall, 6 Leicester Place, Leicester Sq., WC2. Tickets 5s. Apply Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., WC1.

ENTERTAINMENTS continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. 1 Mar. at 3 p.m. 'Highland Birds' Colour Film with Jas. Fisher. Seats 10s.-2s. 6d. Bkble. WAT. 3191.

PROGRESSIVE League Dance. 22 Feb. at 7.30 at Art Workers Hall, Queen Sq., WC1. Tkts. at door 3s. 6d. (students 2s.).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 22 February, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

YOUNG Contemporaries. RBA Galleries, Suffolk St. Big selection from all Art Schools in Britain. Daily 10-5 (10-7 Weds.). Sun. 2-6. Until 10 Mar. Entry 1s. 6d.

GANYMED Reproduction of Cézanne's Le Chateau de Medan from Glasgow Art Gallery out now 57s. 6d. plus tax 16s. 6d. From all good printsellers or 11 Gt Turnstile WC1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sculptors' Drawings, paintings by Bernard Dunstan. Closing 1 March.

PRINT Exhibition. Sending-in Days 26, 27 & 28 Feb. Apply for forms from AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. New Selection of Contemporary Paintings for Hire. Yearly subscription £1 1s. Paintings 10s. or 7s. 6d each per month.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Roger Hilton: Paintings 1953-57. Till 8 March. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Also Anthony Hill: Recent Constructions (in the Library).

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Peter Clough & Peter Reid (Paintings and Sculpture). Till 1 March. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Stoneware Pottery by M. Cardew. Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

ROBERT Delaunay. Paintings, reliefs, drawings & lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, SW1. Closes today, 22 Feb. Fri., Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

SPANISH Castles. RIBA, 66 Portland Place, W1. Until 28 February. Mon.-Fri. 10-7; Sat. 10-5. Adm. free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

INTERNATIONAL Furnishing Textile Exhibition introducing new elegance of design, texture and colour from France, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, America, England, Scotland and Ireland. 17 February to 1 March, at Woollands of Knightsbridge, SW1. SLOane 4545.

GWEN John at the Matthiesen Gallery. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 8 March. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Juan Gris (1887-1927)—Fifty Works. First important Exhibition in London. 13 Feb.-22 March. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

ST George's Gallery showing Merlyn Evans' magnificent 'Vertical Suite in Black'—aquatints. 7 Cork Street, W1. REG. 3660.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Anita De Caro—Paintings. Takis—Sculpture. Until 1 Mar. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

IMPERIAL Institute, SW7. Paintings by Mary Filer. 14 Feb.-2 March. Admn. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

THE Times Bookshop, 42 Wigmore St, W1. Portraits & Landscapes by Fritz Kramer. 10-5 p.m. Sat., 1 p.m. Until 1 March.

FOLIO Society, 70 Brook Street, W1. Graphic work by Edward Bawden. 3 Feb.-28 Feb., Mon.-Fri., 11 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

VICTORY For Socialism. A special meeting for Labour Party members to launch the new, revitalised organisation. Thursday, 6 March, Caxton Hall, SW1, at 8 p.m. Speakers: Michael Foot, Donald Soper, Ted Bedford. In the chair: Stephen Swingler, M.P. Doors open 7.30 p.m. Admission by Labour Party membership card only.

'ISRAEL'S Non-Jewish Population.' Lecture by Mr A. Nathan, Asst Adviser on Arab Affairs in the office of the Israel Prime Minister. Chair: Miss P. J. Barwell. Friends House (Garden Entrance), Euston Rd., NW1. Mon., 24 Feb., 8 p.m. Arr. by Zionist Federation.

AFRICAN Forum. First Secretary, Soviet Embassy, speaks, Soviet interests in Africa. 25 Feb., 7.30 p.m., 32 Percy St, W1.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture, Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 26 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism as a Way of Life', Christmas Humphreys. 1 Mar., 3 p.m., 58 Eccleston Square, SW1, Saturday Group: readings, discussion, tea; all welcome. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

HALDANE Society. Public discussion on Wolfenden Report, opened by Mr Peter Wildeblood. Wed. 26 Feb. at 6.30 p.m. Niblett Hall, Inner Temple, EC4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ABERDEEN and North-East Peace Association - Public meeting. 'Peace Talks not Rocket Sites.' Speaker: Mr Gordon Schaffer. Monday, 24 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Ball Room, Music Hall, Aberdeen. Admission free.

PUBLIC Conference Education in the Atomic Age. Speakers: Professor D. G. Christopherson, V. W. Brown, Dr Tom Margerison. Chairman, Dr J. Topping (Principal, Brunel College). Institute of Education, Malet Street, WC1. Saturday, 1 March, 10-12.30, 1.45-4. Morning coffee.

HOWARD League. R. L. Morrison, Principal Psychologist: Wormwood Scrubs Prison, on 'The Roles of the Prison Psychologist'. Caxton Hall, 6.30 Tues., 25 Feb.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Angus Wilson on 'The Novel in England Today'. Wed. 26 Feb. 7.30, 57 Dean St, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz Tribute to Broonzie. Alan Lomax and Alexis Korner. Chairman: Vic Bellerby. Monday, 24 February, 8.15 p.m. Art: M. Papie is unable to lecture on Thurs. 27 Feb.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PAR. 7696. Fri., 21 Feb., 8 p.m., Ossia Trilling: 'The Theatre in Russia and Poland: Some New Trends' (in English). Tues., 25 Feb., 8 p.m., Kutuzov Tolstoy: 'Russia a Haven for Political Refugees in the Eighteenth Century.' Thurs., 27 Feb., 8 p.m. (& not 24 Feb.), Oda Slobodskaya: Recital of Songs by Modern Russian Composers. 28 Feb. no meeting.

VASSILI Safronchoock, Muscovite student: 'Russia and the Under-developed Countries'. Courtauld House, Torrington Place, Tott. Crt Rd. 27 Feb., 7.30 p.m. A British Asian and Overseas Fellowship event.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Problems of the Norway Campaign 1940' will be delivered by Professor W. Hubatsch (Bonn) at 5.30 p.m. on 4 March at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8, 1 March, at 6 p.m. Film: 'Pepote'.

'IS Conscience a Conditioned Reflex?' Prof. H. J. Eysenck. Sun. 11 a.m. 23 Feb. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber music concerts. Sun. 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

TOTAL Peace We Say Yes. Emergency Meeting, Caxton Hall, Monday, 3 March, 7.30 p.m. The answer to Mr Duncan Sandys. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Speakers: Emrys Hughes, MP; Professor Dame Kathleen Lonsdale, FRS; Stuart Morris and others. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, WC1. Admission free.

BEN Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. Poetry Reading: John Larkman, George Macbeth and Iris Orton who will be accompanied by Marion Gray on the guitar. Sunday, 23 February, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

PERSONALIST Group. Stuart Holroyd on 'A Young Writer's Credo', 20 Buckingham St, WC2. Wed. 26 Feb., 7.30 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, 23 Feb. 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. S. E. Parker 'Why I am an Anarchist.'

NATURE into History. Lecture-discussion Thursday, 27 February, 6.30 p.m. Leslie Paul with T. M. Heron in the chair. St. Anne's Society, at 57 Dean Street, W1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 23 Feb., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'A Programme for the Humanist Movement'.

SWAMI Ghanananda. Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Bhagavad Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tues., 25 Feb., 7.15 p.m. Prof. T. H. Pear: 'Gossip'. Adm. free.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Gilbert McAllister: World Government, Practical Politics. 23 Feb. 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

INDIAN Institute of World Culture. Fri. 28 Feb., 8.30 p.m. Mrs Scott-Giles: 'Rudyard Kipling: the Craftsman and the Humanist'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings. 8 p.m. Sun., 23 Feb., 'Voice of the Silence'. ULT. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m. Thurs. 27 Feb. 'On Theism'. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art training studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery. Accom. arranged.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Happiness': (i) 'Happiness considered as the end and meaning of human nature'; (ii) 'Happiness considered as one of the fine arts' will be delivered by Professor R. Polin (Lille) at 5.15 p.m. on 4 and 5 March at Bedford College, Regent's Park, NW1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others. Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Indiv. attent. Remarkable results.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng. classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARK 8392.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

ITALIAN Doctor gives conversation lessons in Italian. HAM. 0215.

HOLIDAYS in Italy. Short intensive course to learn essentials. Also coaching for scholarships & visiting schools. Mrs Chanda, 4c Holford Rd, NW3. HAM 7322.

FRENCH. Full-time day Courses for GCE London and Oxford. Evening Conversation Courses for beginners and Discussion Groups for advanced students. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TRA. 2044.

FRENCH tuition privately by young French lady. Mme. Lambert. KIL. 0265.

ITALIAN language lecturer Royal College of Art takes private pupils. Mod. charges. Elena Maineri, 35 Victoria Road, W8.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Lechetizky Method—Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

TOUCH-typing & or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Easter School, Dorking, 3-7 April. Industry in a Changing Society. Albu, Balogh, Carron, Murray, Roberts, Sainsbury, Schenk. Details 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

PRICES for Typing and Duplicating. We have earned the reputation through many years of experience as being one of the best Typing Agencies in the North. For the discerning person we are the people to contact. Prices Secretarial Bureau, 26 Corporation St, Manchester, 4 (DEAnsgate 6209).

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722. Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

100,000 words in 7 days. Overnight and week-end service. Correct presentation of MSS, theses, plays, etc. Electronic stencil duplications. Tapes transcribed. Translations. Enquiries to Colonel Seed, Chippendale & Ptnrs., 40 Poland St, W1. GERrard 2835-6.

TYPEWRITING Duplicating & all secretarial Services. Circulars prepared and dispatched. Dictation by telephone. Music copying and reproduction. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

EXPERT Dupg/Typg Theses, MSS, plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d. foreign 2½d. Canada, 1d.